

REMEMBER SEPTEMBER

# Esquire

Man at His Best

A STORY THAT WILL  
MAKE YOU ANGRY ALL  
OVER AGAIN PG. 144

SEPTEMBER 2002

## Secrets of Style

**36** TIPS FROM  
OUR EXPERTS

**44** GREAT LOOKS  
FOR FALL

**PLUS:** Edward  
Norton & Ralph  
Fiennes Dress  
Up for Dinner  
with Dr.  
Hannibal  
Lecter

**GARY CONDIT:**  
The Exclusive  
Interview

The Funniest  
Story You've  
Ever Read

BY DAVID SEDARIS



Emily Procter  
A Woman We Love

**ELVIS PRESLEY:**  
What I've Learned

\$3.00  
esquire.com



NAVIGATOR 2-DOOR 4-DOOR 5-DOOR 6-DOOR 7-DOOR 8-DOOR 9-DOOR 10-DOOR 11-DOOR 12-DOOR 13-DOOR 14-DOOR 15-DOOR 16-DOOR 17-DOOR 18-DOOR 19-DOOR 20-DOOR 21-DOOR 22-DOOR 23-DOOR 24-DOOR 25-DOOR 26-DOOR 27-DOOR 28-DOOR 29-DOOR 30-DOOR 31-DOOR 32-DOOR 33-DOOR 34-DOOR 35-DOOR 36-DOOR 37-DOOR 38-DOOR 39-DOOR 40-DOOR 41-DOOR 42-DOOR 43-DOOR 44-DOOR 45-DOOR 46-DOOR 47-DOOR 48-DOOR 49-DOOR 50-DOOR 51-DOOR 52-DOOR 53-DOOR 54-DOOR 55-DOOR 56-DOOR 57-DOOR 58-DOOR 59-DOOR 60-DOOR 61-DOOR 62-DOOR 63-DOOR 64-DOOR 65-DOOR 66-DOOR 67-DOOR 68-DOOR 69-DOOR 70-DOOR 71-DOOR 72-DOOR 73-DOOR 74-DOOR 75-DOOR 76-DOOR 77-DOOR 78-DOOR 79-DOOR 80-DOOR 81-DOOR 82-DOOR 83-DOOR 84-DOOR 85-DOOR 86-DOOR 87-DOOR 88-DOOR 89-DOOR 90-DOOR 91-DOOR 92-DOOR 93-DOOR 94-DOOR 95-DOOR 96-DOOR 97-DOOR 98-DOOR 99-DOOR 100-DOOR

LINCOLN

CHIVALRY ISN'T DEAD.  
MECHANIZED A LITTLE, BUT NOT DEAD.

THE ALL-NEW 2003 LINCOLN NAVIGATOR. When the door opens, the seating beams automatically deploy. (It's a little bit like a magic carpet.) There are those who travel. And those who travel well. For more information or to schedule a test drive, visit [Lincoln.com](http://Lincoln.com) or call 800-668-6696.



PRADA



PRADA



GIORGIO ARMANI



GIORGIO ARMANI



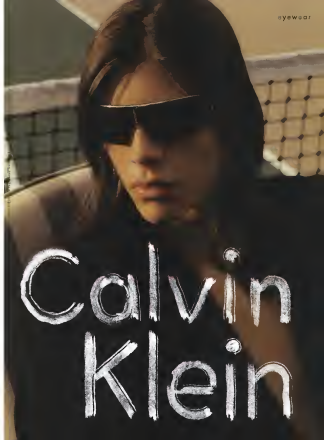
GIORGIO ARMANI



GIORGIO ARMANI



Buenos Aires Bilbao Catania Dallas Dubai London Madrid  
New York Paris Seoul Singapore Taipei Tokyo Toronto



eyewear

Calvin  
Klein



shirts ties tailored clothing socks

**DKNY**



KENNETH COLE new york

CUTTING, DRESSING AND RESTYLING: TIM L. VANDERKAM / L'ESSENTIEL DE L'HOMME; STYLING: JONATHAN KATZ / L'ESSENTIEL DE L'HOMME; HAIR: JONATHAN KATZ / L'ESSENTIEL DE L'HOMME; MAKEUP: JONATHAN KATZ / L'ESSENTIEL DE L'HOMME; SET DESIGN: JONATHAN KATZ / L'ESSENTIEL DE L'HOMME; PROP STYLING: JONATHAN KATZ / L'ESSENTIEL DE L'HOMME; PHOTOGRAPHY: JONATHAN KATZ / L'ESSENTIEL DE L'HOMME

HOLY WAR

MIDEAST PEACE IS THE MUST-HAVE FOR FALL.  
SOME STATEMENTS ARE MORE FASHIONABLE THAN OTHERS.  
- KENNETH COLE

A high-contrast, black and white portrait of actor Joe Danter. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. His right hand is raised to his face, with his fingers resting near his mouth. He is wearing a dark, possibly leather, jacket. The background is dark and out of focus.

Joe Danter,  
Attore

Ermenegildo Zegna



summit conference

CLUB ROOM®  
BY CHARTER CLUB



Denim Shirt 



Suede Coat



Waffle Henley 



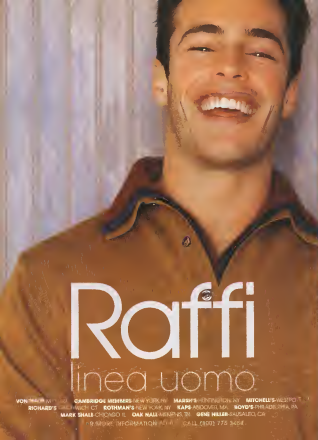
Turtleneck 

Club Room Rugged Wear Collection



Only at Macy's, Burdines, Rich's, Lerner,  
Goldsmith's, The Bon Marché 1 (800) 417-2699





# Raffi

linea uomo

VON TRAPP NEW YORK CAMBRIDGE MIDWINTER NEW YORK NY MARSH'S HENNINGSON NY MITCHELL'S WESTPORT CT  
RICHARD'S GREENWICH CT EOTHMAN'S NEW YORK NY KAP'S ANDOVER MA NOYD'S PHILADELPHIA PA  
MARK SHALL CHICAGO IL OAK HALL MINNAPIS TN GENE HILDER SAN DIEGO CA  
FOR STORE INFORMATION VISIT CALL (800) 775 3454



# XMI

## NORDSTROM

www.XMI.com 800.745.0610

# STYLE AGENDA

A SPECIAL PROMOTION FOR  
ESQUIRE READERS

## FROM SEAGEN, THE FINEST WINE ACCESSORIES BAR NONE

**SKAGEN MENU VIGOR:** Nine utensils designed and developed for wine connoisseurs. In addition to the famous Decanting Pouter, the Vigor collection includes a full suite: a corker and a vacuum bottle stopper. See the complete Skagen Menu line of gourmet wine, garden, table, and tea and coffee products at [www.skagen.com/menu](http://www.skagen.com/menu).

## ESQUIRE AND MARCO'S CELEBRATE THE 28TH ANNUAL SEATTLE INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL



The **SEATTLE INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL (SIFF)** is not only the largest in the U.S. — it's also one of the oldest and most influential. Running a full 25 days and screening nearly 300 features and shorts from more than 80 countries, SIFF is a month-long salute to the best of movies past, present, and future. As part of this year's festival, Esquire co-hosted a gala evening of Italian fashion, film, and food with **MARCO'S**. Seattle's most elite purveyor of elegance. More than 300 guests enjoyed Silver Lake wines and catering by Lowell Hunt as they celebrated the premiere of *The Last Kiss* by Gabriele Muccino, winner of the Best of Domestic Awards (Italy's Dolby) and Best Director.

## LIVING THE LIFESTYLE AT CAMP JEEP 2002

From July 25 to July 27 thousands of enthusiastic Jeep owners gathered in the Ocean Mountains near picturesque Glenview, Missouri for **CAMP JEEP 2002**. Surrounded by the majestic setting of mountains, rivers, and lakes, the "campers" relaxed and participated in activities geared towards the Jeep lifestyle: active, adventurous, and fun. These activities included everything from navigating their Jeeps along the beautiful Glenview Creek and technical Jeep maneuvers to paintball competitions and kayaking. To ensure the comfort of the entire and energetic guests, Esquire teamed with the Real Counsel ([www.realcounsel.com](http://www.realcounsel.com)) to provide van/jeep/real massage therapists designed to bring the body's energy and balance. To learn more about future Camp Jeep events or the Jeep product line visit [www.jeep.com](http://www.jeep.com).



## A BALANCE OF MODERNITY AND CLASSIC ITALIAN DESIGN

Pairing rich sueded, supple leather, and contemporary designs, **SALVATORE FERRAGAMO** is proud to present the Men's Autumn/Winter 2002 collection. A balance of modernity and classic Italian design, the Three in One boot her jacket defines contrast and versatility. Our men's shoes represent the ultimate in style and will take you from work to the weekend seamlessly. For more information, please visit [www.salvatoreferragamo.it](http://www.salvatoreferragamo.it).



Salvatore Ferragamo

HF

HICKEY FREEMAN

650 West  
in New York

Hickey Freeman  
650 Fifth Ave.  
NY, NY  
212-585-8401

Esquire  
Tops, Jeans

James Reid  
Montreal, TN

Michelle  
Newark, NJ

Paul Simon  
Charlotte, NC

ESQUIRE IS ALWAYS IN STYLE. FOR YOUR VERY OWN SUBSCRIPTION, CALL 1-800-368-5209.



Model in  
stainless steel  
Oyster bracelet

Oyster Perpetual Explorer II

Rolex, the Oyster Perpetual, Oyster and Explorer II are trademarks.

FOR THE NAME AND LOCATION OF AN OFFICIAL ROLEX DEALER NEAR YOU, PLEASE CALL 1-800-890-ROLEX/1-800-387-6533

  
**ROLEX**

www.rolex.com

New York

## Contents

September 2002 / Vol. 138 / No. 3



From looking south  
to north, September 11



From South, looking south,  
Friday, September 11

### 158 Portrait of the Actor as *Thru the Glass*

A portrait of a man who  
has been a part of the  
American film industry for  
over 50 years. (By David  
L. Johnson)

### 176 Here Comes Koolhaas

A man who has been  
a part of the American  
film industry for over 50  
years. (By David L. Johnson)

### 180 The Final Days of Gary Condit

A portrait of a man who  
has been a part of the  
American film industry for  
over 50 years. (By David  
L. Johnson)

### 188 What I've Learned From Stanley

A portrait of a man who  
has been a part of the  
American film industry for  
over 50 years. (By David  
L. Johnson)

### 196 Remember at the Hitchcock Post

A portrait of a man who  
has been a part of the  
American film industry for  
over 50 years. (By David  
L. Johnson)

### 204 On the Cover

A portrait of a man who  
has been a part of the  
American film industry for  
over 50 years. (By David  
L. Johnson)

### 144 September 11

A portrait of a man who  
has been a part of the  
American film industry for  
over 50 years. (By David  
L. Johnson)





A black and white photograph of two men standing side-by-side, wearing formal tuxedos with white shirts and dark bowties. The man on the left is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The man on the right is looking slightly to the side with a serious expression. The background is plain white. The word 'GUCCI' is printed in a gold, serif font on the left man's jacket.

GUCCI

JILSANDER

11 East 57th Street, New York



## Contents

continued from page 30



40 Contributors  
46 The Sound & the Fury  
56 Editor's Letter

**63 Man at His Best** Special 11-page edition, featuring a conversation with Robin Williams, a deeply satisfying new novel, big beautiful watches, the case for screw-top wines, and The Index all you need to know about television's new fall shows, fun starters. Plus, Emily Procter as a fashion-forward ballistics babe, and how Jump the Shark itself jumped the shark.

More things a man should know about style, money, women, culture, and life. [esquire.com](http://esquire.com)

## Style

The essential urban accessories: old sport socks and the perfect glasses (The Guide, page 85). Three little-known facts about and dozens of smart tips, useful numbers, checklists and timely heads-ups for the well-dressed man (Secrets of Style, page 129). The fall season's biggest trends, from the elegant Russian city of St. Petersburg (Faces of the Revolution, page 164). Fashion lines are about more than just clothing. From furniture to dishes, behold the designed life (Total Living, page 190).

**100 The Game** The most useful, practical, and fun tips for playing the game of life, from the most useful to the most fun. (By CHARLES P. FINKER)

**108 The Screen** The most useful, practical, and fun tips for playing the game of life, from the most useful to the most fun. (By VON CARSON)

**112 The Industry** The most useful, practical, and fun tips for playing the game of life, from the most useful to the most fun. (By NIK MATEVA)

**118 The Body** The most useful, practical, and fun tips for playing the game of life, from the most useful to the most fun. (By JIM ANDERSON)

**125 10 Things You Don't Know About Women** The most useful, practical, and fun tips for playing the game of life, from the most useful to the most fun. (By JERIMA HUNT)

**216 The Way Out** The most useful, practical, and fun tips for playing the game of life, from the most useful to the most fun. (By TIM CAVALLA)



Capture the moment

"Music that works like a time machine, transporting listeners to an era long before anyone had ever thought of DJs or smart knobs, when people also danced and everything was everything that quantified heaven below."

—Interview



Norah Jones

In a time when soulless, risk-free living automates any the norm, vocalist / pianist Norah Jones has defied convention to become the most interesting music story of the year.

come away with me



FEATURES THE HIT:  
"Don't Know Why"

www.esquire.com  
Email: esquire@esquire.com  
A TIME INC. PUBLICATION

## Esquire

Arnold Gingrich (1913-1986) FOUNDER/EDITOR

### David Granger

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Peter Griffin  
DEPUTY MANAGER

Helen F. Rubenstein  
EDITORIAL VICE PRESIDENT

John Karpica  
EDITORIAL VICE PRESIDENT

Lee Hirschman  
DEPUTY MANAGER/DEPUTY

Stefano Bock  
EDITORIAL VICE PRESIDENT

Mark Warren  
EDITORIAL VICE PRESIDENT

Andy Ward  
ARTS & LITERATURE EDITOR

A.J. Jacobs  
EDITORIAL VICE PRESIDENT

John Kenney  
MANAGING EDITOR

Adrienne Miller  
LITERARY EDITOR

Brendan Vaughan  
SENIOR ASSOCIATE EDITOR/ESQUIRE.COM

Lauren Leventhal  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Christopher Leonard, Elizabeth Glavin, Bryan Winkler  
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Wayne Northrup, Daniel Dority  
EDITORS

Frank Kessler  
SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR IN CHIEF

ART

David Albertson, Eric Wilson  
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTORS

PHOTOGRAPHY

Nancy D'Amico  
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY

Kim Farnberg  
ART ASSISTANT

PHOTOGRAPHY

Caroline Hillman  
ASSOCIATE PHOTOGRAPHER

Beth Johnson  
PHOTOGRAPHY ASSISTANT

FASHION

Michael Korman  
SENIOR FASHION EDITOR

Deborah Korman  
ASSOCIATE FASHION EDITOR

PRODUCTION

Wyatt Mitchell  
EDITORIAL PRODUCTION DIRECTOR

Derek A. Fogarty  
SENIOR PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

ADMINISTRATION

James J. Baker  
EDITORIAL PRODUCTION COORDINATOR

COPY

Joseph Winkler, Anne S. Hurst  
ASSOCIATE COPY EDITORS

Bill Georgantios  
ASSOCIATE COPY EDITOR

RESEARCH

Robert Scheffler  
EDITORIAL RESEARCHER

Kevin McDonald  
EDITORIAL RESEARCHER

WRITERS AT LARGE

Cal Fussman, Tom Junod, Scott Raab, John Richardson, Mike Sager

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Ted Allen, Tom Carlin, Andrew Chalkovsky, Tom Chaffin, Larry Doyle, Ted Fehren

Wesley Hurler, Andrew Kimm, Ken Kurgan, John McManis, John McManis, Lucy McManis

WRITERS AT LARGE

Cal Fussman, Tom Junod, Scott Raab, John Richardson, Mike Sager

Wesley Hurler, Andrew Kimm, Ken Kurgan, John McManis, John McManis, Lucy McManis

WRITERS AT LARGE

Cal Fussman, Tom Junod, Scott Raab, John Richardson, Mike Sager

Wesley Hurler, Andrew Kimm, Ken Kurgan, John McManis, John McManis, Lucy McManis

WRITERS AT LARGE

Cal Fussman, Tom Junod, Scott Raab, John Richardson, Mike Sager

Wesley Hurler, Andrew Kimm, Ken Kurgan, John McManis, John McManis, Lucy McManis

WRITERS AT LARGE

Cal Fussman, Tom Junod, Scott Raab, John Richardson, Mike Sager

Wesley Hurler, Andrew Kimm, Ken Kurgan, John McManis, John McManis, Lucy McManis

WRITERS AT LARGE

Cal Fussman, Tom Junod, Scott Raab, John Richardson, Mike Sager

Wesley Hurler, Andrew Kimm, Ken Kurgan, John McManis, John McManis, Lucy McManis

WRITERS AT LARGE

Cal Fussman, Tom Junod, Scott Raab, John Richardson, Mike Sager

Wesley Hurler, Andrew Kimm, Ken Kurgan, John McManis, John McManis, Lucy McManis

WRITERS AT LARGE

Cal Fussman, Tom Junod, Scott Raab, John Richardson, Mike Sager

Wesley Hurler, Andrew Kimm, Ken Kurgan, John McManis, John McManis, Lucy McManis

WRITERS AT LARGE

Cal Fussman, Tom Junod, Scott Raab, John Richardson, Mike Sager

Wesley Hurler, Andrew Kimm, Ken Kurgan, John McManis, John McManis, Lucy McManis

WRITERS AT LARGE

Cal Fussman, Tom Junod, Scott Raab, John Richardson, Mike Sager

Wesley Hurler, Andrew Kimm, Ken Kurgan, John McManis, John McManis, Lucy McManis

WRITERS AT LARGE

Cal Fussman, Tom Junod, Scott Raab, John Richardson, Mike Sager

Wesley Hurler, Andrew Kimm, Ken Kurgan, John McManis, John McManis, Lucy McManis

WRITERS AT LARGE

Cal Fussman, Tom Junod, Scott Raab, John Richardson, Mike Sager

Wesley Hurler, Andrew Kimm, Ken Kurgan, John McManis, John McManis, Lucy McManis

WRITERS AT LARGE

Cal Fussman, Tom Junod, Scott Raab, John Richardson, Mike Sager

Wesley Hurler, Andrew Kimm, Ken Kurgan, John McManis, John McManis, Lucy McManis

WRITERS AT LARGE

Cal Fussman, Tom Junod, Scott Raab, John Richardson, Mike Sager

Wesley Hurler, Andrew Kimm, Ken Kurgan, John McManis, John McManis, Lucy McManis

WRITERS AT LARGE

Cal Fussman, Tom Junod, Scott Raab, John Richardson, Mike Sager

Wesley Hurler, Andrew Kimm, Ken Kurgan, John McManis, John McManis, Lucy McManis



MISSEI



SKAGEN  
DENMARK

Skagen Shadow eyewear, Skagen  
Denmark watches, and Skagen  
Meine gourmet products are  
available at fine stores worldwide or  
at [www.skagen.com/us](http://www.skagen.com/us)

## Esquire

Valerie Salembier

PUBLISHER

Jeffrey S. Ahl  
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER/ADVERTISING

Ronnie G. Lewis  
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER/MARKETING

Chris Trier  
ACQUISITION DIRECTOR

Stacey Collishin  
DIRECTOR, FASHION, ADVERTISING

Lisa M. Costa  
DIRECTOR, WESTERN ADVERTISING

Ruth W. Starnon  
DIRECTOR, RETAIL AND  
FASHION ADVERTISING

Ryan Malerstein  
MARKETING MANAGER

Stephen E. Cohen  
MARKETING MANAGER

Katherine Malecki  
PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL ADVERTISING MANAGER

Jeff Brown  
EDITOR

Matthew T. Gurneewell  
MANAGING EDITOR

Lisa Gottis  
NORTHWEST MANAGER

Jim Young  
SOUTHEAST MANAGER

Italy Luciano Bernardini de Pace  
FOR THE F&G

France Marie Armande de Spaine  
FOR THE F&G

Switzerland Jean-Philippe Amos  
FOR THE F&G

Kate Baker, Matthew Collins, Suzanne Davis, Rosann Moriconi,  
Robert C. Reddy, Jayne Riley, Louis A. Sarmiento  
ADVERTISING SALES/ASSISTANTS

Samantha Yareck  
REPRINTS

### MARKETING SERVICES

Jason Lundy

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF MARKETING STRATEGIC PLANNING

Kristina Jazwinski  
CREATIVE DIRECTOR

Scott Lehmann  
REPRINTS DIRECTOR

Suzan Plickner  
MARKETING MANAGER

Karen Lallinger  
MARKETING MANAGER

Bone Rapaport  
MARKETING MANAGER

### ADMINISTRATION AND PRODUCTION

Peter A. Ferrell

Gloria Fitzpatrick

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER

Ross Gans

Kelly K. Chapman

ASSOCIATE BUSINESS MANAGER

ASSOCIATE BUSINESS MANAGER

### DIRECT RESPONSE ADVERTISING

Mary Hayes

Dawn Franco

COPYWRITER/DIRECTOR

ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE/STAFF WRITER/DESIGNER

PUBLISHED BY HEARST COMMUNICATIONS, INC.,  
A UNIT OF THE HEARST CORPORATION

Victor F. Geran

George R. Heasel, Jr.

Frank A. Benneck, Jr.

PRESIDENT/EXECUTIVE OFFICER

CHAIRMAN

VICE CHAIRMAN

### HEARST MAGAZINES DIVISION

Carlsson P. Black

Mark F. Miller

PRESIDENT

VICE PRESIDENT

Richard E. Deems

Gilbert C. Maurer

PUBLISHING CONSULTANT

PUBLISHING CONSULTANT

Michael Clinton

ASSOCIATE VICE PRESIDENT/CHIEF

MARKETING OFFICER/PUBLISHING DIRECTOR

Published at 250 West 67th Street, New York, NY 10019  
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: (212) 512-4840; (212) 512-4841; (212) 512-4842  
ADVERTISING SALES: (212) 512-4843; (212) 512-4844; (212) 512-4845; (212) 512-4846; (212) 512-4847; (212) 512-4848; (212) 512-4849; (212) 512-4850; (212) 512-4851; (212) 512-4852; (212) 512-4853; (212) 512-4854; (212) 512-4855; (212) 512-4856; (212) 512-4857; (212) 512-4858; (212) 512-4859; (212) 512-4860; (212) 512-4861; (212) 512-4862; (212) 512-4863; (212) 512-4864; (212) 512-4865; (212) 512-4866; (212) 512-4867; (212) 512-4868; (212) 512-4869; (212) 512-4870; (212) 512-4871; (212) 512-4872; (212) 512-4873; (212) 512-4874; (212) 512-4875; (212) 512-4876; (212) 512-4877; (212) 512-4878; (212) 512-4879; (212) 512-4880; (212) 512-4881; (212) 512-4882; (212) 512-4883; (212) 512-4884; (212) 512-4885; (212) 512-4886; (212) 512-4887; (212) 512-4888; (212) 512-4889; (212) 512-4890; (212) 512-4891; (212) 512-4892; (212) 512-4893; (212) 512-4894; (212) 512-4895; (212) 512-4896; (212) 512-4897; (212) 512-4898; (212) 512-4899; (212) 512-4900; (212) 512-4901; (212) 512-4902; (212) 512-4903; (212) 512-4904; (212) 512-4905; (212) 512-4906; (212) 512-4907; (212) 512-4908; (212) 512-4909; (212) 512-4910; (212) 512-4911; (212) 512-4912; (212) 512-4913; (212) 512-4914; (212) 512-4915; (212) 512-4916; (212) 512-4917; (212) 512-4918; (212) 512-4919; (212) 512-4920; (212) 512-4921; (212) 512-4922; (212) 512-4923; (212) 512-4924; (212) 512-4925; (212) 512-4926; (212) 512-4927; (212) 512-4928; (212) 512-4929; (212) 512-4930; (212) 512-4931; (212) 512-4932; (212) 512-4933; (212) 512-4934; (212) 512-4935; (212) 512-4936; (212) 512-4937; (212) 512-4938; (212) 512-4939; (212) 512-4940; (212) 512-4941; (212) 512-4942; (212) 512-4943; (212) 512-4944; (212) 512-4945; (212) 512-4946; (212) 512-4947; (212) 512-4948; (212) 512-4949; (212) 512-4950; (212) 512-4951; (212) 512-4952; (212) 512-4953; (212) 512-4954; (212) 512-4955; (212) 512-4956; (212) 512-4957; (212) 512-4958; (212) 512-4959; (212) 512-4960; (212) 512-4961; (212) 512-4962; (212) 512-4963; (212) 512-4964; (212) 512-4965; (212) 512-4966; (212) 512-4967; (212) 512-4968; (212) 512-4969; (212) 512-4970; (212) 512-4971; (212) 512-4972; (212) 512-4973; (212) 512-4974; (212) 512-4975; (212) 512-4976; (212) 512-4977; (212) 512-4978; (212) 512-4979; (212) 512-4980; (212) 512-4981; (212) 512-4982; (212) 512-4983; (212) 512-4984; (212) 512-4985; (212) 512-4986; (212) 512-4987; (212) 512-4988; (212) 512-4989; (212) 512-4990; (212) 512-4991; (212) 512-4992; (212) 512-4993; (212) 512-4994; (212) 512-4995; (212) 512-4996; (212) 512-4997; (212) 512-4998; (212) 512-4999; (212) 512-5000; (212) 512-5001; (212) 512-5002; (212) 512-5003; (212) 512-5004; (212) 512-5005; (212) 512-5006; (212) 512-5007; (212) 512-5008; (212) 512-5009; (212) 512-5010; (212) 512-5011; (212) 512-5012; (212) 512-5013; (212) 512-5014; (212) 512-5015; (212) 512-5016; (212) 512-5017; (212) 512-5018; (212) 512-5019; (212) 512-5020; (212) 512-5021; (212) 512-5022; (212) 512-5023; (212) 512-5024; (212) 512-5025; (212) 512-5026; (212) 512-5027; (212) 512-5028; (212) 512-5029; (212) 512-5030; (212) 512-5031; (212) 512-5032; (212) 512-5033; (212) 512-5034; (212) 512-5035; (212) 512-5036; (212) 512-5037; (212) 512-5038; (212) 512-5039; (212) 512-5040; (212) 512-5041; (212) 512-5042; (212) 512-5043; (212) 512-5044; (212) 512-5045; (212) 512-5046; (212) 512-5047; (212) 512-5048; (212) 512-5049; (212) 512-5050; (212) 512-5051; (212) 512-5052; (212) 512-5053; (212) 512-5054; (212) 512-5055; (212) 512-5056; (212) 512-5057; (212) 512-5058; (212) 512-5059; (212) 512-5060; (212) 512-5061; (212) 512-5062; (212) 512-5063; (212) 512-5064; (212) 512-5065; (212) 512-5066; (212) 512-5067; (212) 512-5068; (212) 512-5069; (212) 512-5070; (212) 512-5071; (212) 512-5072; (212) 512-5073; (212) 512-5074; (212) 512-5075; (212) 512-5076; (212) 512-5077; (212) 512-5078; (212) 512-5079; (212) 512-5080; (212) 512-5081; (212) 512-5082; (212) 512-5083; (212) 512-5084; (212) 512-5085; (212) 512-5086; (212) 512-5087; (212) 512-5088; (212) 512-5089; (212) 512-5090; (212) 512-5091; (212) 512-5092; (212) 512-5093; (212) 512-5094; (212) 512-5095; (212) 512-5096; (212) 512-5097; (212) 512-5098; (212) 512-5099; (212) 512-5100; (212) 512-5101; (212) 512-5102; (212) 512-5103; (212) 512-5104; (212) 512-5105; (212) 512-5106; (212) 512-5107; (212) 512-5108; (212) 512-5109; (212) 512-5110; (212) 512-5111; (212) 512-5112; (212) 512-5113; (212) 512-5114; (212) 512-5115; (212) 512-5116; (212) 512-5117; (212) 512-5118; (212) 512-5119; (212) 512-5120; (212) 512-5121; (212) 512-5122; (212) 512-5123; (212) 512-5124; (212) 512-5125; (212) 512-5126; (212) 512-5127; (212) 512-5128; (212) 512-5129; (212) 512-5130; (212) 512-5131; (212) 512-5132; (212) 512-5133; (212) 512-5134; (212) 512-5135; (212) 512-5136; (212) 512-5137; (212) 512-5138; (212) 512-5139; (212) 512-5140; (212) 512-5141; (212) 512-5142; (212) 512-5143; (212) 512-5144; (212) 512-5145; (212) 512-5146; (212) 512-5147; (212) 512-5148; (212) 512-5149; (212) 512-5150; (212) 512-5151; (212) 512-5152; (212) 512-5153; (212) 512-5154; (212) 512-5155; (212) 512-5156; (212) 512-5157; (212) 512-5158; (212) 512-5159; (212) 512-5160; (212) 512-5161; (212) 512-5162; (212) 512-5163; (212) 512-5164; (212) 512-5165; (212) 512-5166; (212) 512-5167; (212) 512-5168; (212) 512-5169; (212) 512-5170; (212) 512-5171; (212) 512-5172; (212) 512-5173; (212) 512-5174; (212) 512-5175; (212) 512-5176; (212) 512-5177; (212) 512-5178; (212) 512-5179; (212) 512-5180; (212) 512-5181; (212) 512-5182; (212) 512-5183; (212) 512-5184; (212) 512-5185; (212) 512-5186; (212) 512-5187; (212) 512-5188; (212) 512-5189; (212) 512-5190; (212) 512-5191; (212) 512-5192; (212) 512-5193; (212) 512-5194; (212) 512-5195; (212) 512-5196; (212) 512-5197; (212) 512-5198; (212) 512-5199; (212) 512-5200; (212) 512-5201; (212) 512-5202; (212) 512-5203; (212) 512-5204; (212) 512-5205; (212) 512-5206; (212) 512-5207; (212) 512-5208; (212) 512-5209; (212) 512-5210; (212) 512-5211; (212) 512-5212; (212) 512-5213; (212) 512-5214; (212) 512-5215; (212) 512-5216; (212) 512-5217; (212) 512-5218; (212) 512-5219; (212) 512-5220; (212) 512-5221; (212) 512-5222; (212) 512-5223; (212) 512-5224; (212) 512-5225; (212) 512-5226; (212) 512-5227; (212) 512-5228; (212) 512-5229; (212) 512-5230; (212) 512-5231; (212) 512-5232; (212) 512-5233; (212) 512-5234; (212) 512-5235; (212) 512-5236; (212) 512-5237; (212) 512-5238; (212) 512-5239; (212) 512-5240; (212) 512-5241; (212) 512-5242; (212) 512-5243; (212) 512-5244; (212) 512-5245; (212) 512-5246; (212) 512-5247; (212) 512-5248; (212) 512-5249; (212) 512-5250; (212) 512-5251; (212) 512-5252; (212) 512-5253; (212) 512-5254; (212) 512-5255; (212) 512-5256; (212) 512-5257; (212) 512-5258; (212) 512-5259; (212) 512-5260; (212) 512-5261; (212) 512-5262; (212) 512-5263; (212) 512-5264; (212) 512-5265; (212) 512-5266; (212) 512-5267; (212) 512-5268; (212) 512-5269; (212) 512-5270; (212) 512-5271; (212) 512-5272; (212) 512-5273; (212) 512-5274; (212) 512-5275; (212) 512-5276; (212) 512-5277; (212) 512-5278; (212) 512-5279; (212) 512-5280; (212) 512-5281; (212) 512-5282; (212) 512-5283; (212) 512-5284; (212) 512-5285; (212) 512-5286; (212) 512-5287; (212) 512-5288; (212) 512-5289; (212) 512-5290; (212) 512-5291; (212) 512-5292; (212) 512-5293; (212) 512-5294; (212) 512-5295; (212) 512-5296; (212) 512-5297; (212) 512-5298; (212) 512-5299; (212) 512-5300; (212) 512-5301; (212) 512-5302; (212) 512-5303; (212) 512-5304; (212) 512-5305; (212) 512-5306; (212) 512-5307; (212) 512-5308; (212) 512-5309; (212) 512-5310; (212) 512-5311; (212) 512-5312; (212) 512-5313; (212) 512-5314; (212) 512-5315; (212) 512-5316; (212) 512-5317; (212) 512-5318; (212) 512-5319; (212) 512-5320; (212) 512-5321; (212) 512-5322; (212) 512-5323; (212) 512-5324; (212) 512-5325; (212) 512-5326; (212) 512-5327; (212) 512-5328; (212) 512-5329; (212) 512-5330; (212) 512-5331; (212) 512-5332; (212) 512-5333; (212) 512-5334; (212) 512-5335; (212) 512-5336; (212) 512-5337; (212) 512-5338; (212) 512-5339; (212) 512-5340; (212) 512-5341; (212) 512-5342; (212) 512-5343; (212) 512-5344; (212) 512-5345; (212) 512-5346; (212) 512-5347; (212) 512-5348; (212) 512-5349; (212) 512-5350; (212) 512-5351; (212) 512-5352; (212) 512-5353; (212) 512-5354; (212) 512-5355; (212) 512-5356; (212) 512-5357; (212) 512-5358; (212) 512-5359; (212) 512-5360; (212) 512-5361; (212) 512-5362; (212) 512-5363; (212) 512-5364; (212) 512-5365; (212) 512-5366; (212) 512-5367; (212) 512-5368; (212) 512-5369; (212) 512-5370; (212) 512-5371; (212) 512-5372; (212) 512-5373; (212) 512-5374; (212) 512-5375; (212) 512-5376; (212) 512-5377; (212) 512-5378; (212) 512-5379; (212) 512-5380; (212) 512-5381; (212) 512-5382; (212) 512-5383; (212) 512-5384; (212) 512-5385; (212) 512-5386; (212) 512-5387; (212) 512-5388; (212) 512-5389; (212) 512-5390; (212) 512-5391; (212) 512-5392; (212) 512-5393; (212) 512-5394; (212) 512-5395; (212) 512-5396; (212) 512-5397; (212) 512-5398; (212) 512-5399; (212) 512-5400; (212) 512-5401; (212) 512-5402; (212) 512-5403; (212) 512-5404; (212) 512-5405; (212) 512-5406; (212) 512-5407; (212) 512-5408; (212) 512-5409; (212) 512-5410; (212) 512-5411; (212) 512-5412; (212) 512-5413; (212) 512-5414; (212) 512-5415; (212) 512-5416; (212) 512-5417; (212) 512-5418; (212) 512-5419; (212) 512-5420; (212) 512-5421; (212) 512-5422; (212) 512-5423; (212) 512-5424; (212) 512-5425; (212) 512-5426; (212) 512-5427; (212) 512-5428; (212) 512-5429; (212) 512-5430; (212) 512-5431; (212) 512-5432; (212) 512-5433; (212) 512-5434; (212) 512-5435; (212) 512-5436; (212) 512-5437; (212) 512-5438; (212) 512-5439; (212) 512-5440; (212) 512-5441; (212) 512-5442; (212) 512-5443; (212) 512-5444; (212) 512-5445; (212) 512-5446; (212) 512-5447; (212) 512-5448; (212) 512-5449; (212) 512-5450; (212) 512-5451; (212) 512-5452; (212) 512-5453; (212) 512-5454; (212) 512-5455; (212) 512-5456; (212) 512-5457; (212) 512-5458; (212) 512-5459; (212) 512-5460; (212) 512-5461; (212) 512-5462; (212) 512-5463; (212) 512-5464; (212) 512-5465; (212) 512-5466; (212) 512-5467; (212) 512-5468

### Contributors

[illegible]

For the past decade, New York Times photographer **EDWARD KATZING** brought his distinct and important influence on the world of photojournalism, from avowed artistic and socialist approach, to his intimate and gritty images of news and war. He documented it for the next five months. For his photography at the site, Katzing is helping this month's powerful images accompany *U.S. Children's "September covering,"* says Katzing, whose work appears in the recently published book *A*.

analyzing the boring medium of wedding photography with his ring around it around 2000 three days after the towers fell and with his Times colleagues, was awarded the Pulitzer prize. "This was the first time I actually participated in the world war on Challenged. A brief history of 9/11 and its aftermath with CNN technique to work collectively as a photographer, not worked in that sense. I think that was a photographer, but as a New Yorker

When a judge **MOE SAGER** signs the last words of last campaign of Comprehensive Community Corps (CCC) of the Los Angeles, the California state of California was Corral and his family while they would be support a very noisy history. The following story: "The final days of Ray Corral" says that, in a very temporary station at the discretion of a public man General Judge Corral in the Court. Sager was held behind a cage using a cage. "The action that Ray Corral had an offer with Corral's family was not about the issue in his family as the law had been a case of murder, which they were not an outrageous charge," says Sager. "We have to give him the chance not to have committed this murder and not to have done anything other than have an offer. His story is not really a martyr's story, but rather a story of a story and the battle between perception and reality."

After seeing **ORIO DELVER** (single hit, came to late night singing, *slightly* the 2000s, are) and the premier theatrical photographs in *Il Facciamo Azzurro*, Delver says his low has started to explore the aesthetics of design, which says she the historical photographs he took for "his passion are not for 'total Delver' (copy 90% of our style forward) this move. In which Delver was allowed to shoot inside the walls of his 50+ fashion designers who are expanding, their product lines to not only add what we never but to offer his other practical needs of our everyday lives. (This photo belongs by *AmN*) "The most we can get because I look at it, I feel we're looking at a photographer, my experience learning to make and produce," says Delver, who is now a photographer, and she is a series of architectural photos of her to be published there later this year. "It is so unusual to get assigned such a large project as my current report."

When photographer **HARRY SULTAN** visited his Malibu, California, in-laws last to shoot Congressman Gary Condit and his two children for *Max* magazine, he encountered a man who was extremely wary of being photographed. It took a while, but Sultan was able to establish a level of trust, and Condit began to open up. "When he came in his family had a way of driving the wedge. They doled themselves off in doses of sarcasm," says Sultan, who lives in Los Angeles. "Over a period of three hours, he relaxed and was even able to give answers. Interestingly, he still likes sarcasm, and he's a quote the police said 'that he's a fallen figure, and he's a worthy being before.' The real plan was to be unobtrusive to him. He knew I had English, but that wasn't my job to do."



TOMMY HILFIGER



TOMMY  HILFIGER



TOMMY  HILFIGER









MAYONNAISE

GREY POUPON®



THE NEW 2003 SATURN® I<sup>®</sup> I-200. It's a practical midsize sedan. It's a sleek and elegant luxury car. It's the redesigned I-Series. Available with a powerful V6, Leather Appointments, and a DVD system, it's anything but bland. Everyday, most elegant. Elegant, most everyday.

It's different as a Saturn.



Esquire.com



★ AND COFFEE NO. 150

ESQUIRE GEAR

ESQUIRE.COM

ESQUIRE.COM

cafépress

## The Sound & the Fury

Readers' reactions to our July cover story about the Bush administration.

BY STEVE GROSS OF *LA*  
SOMERDALE, N.Y.

Thank you for your honest, unbiased story on Hagelin's depressive. Reporters like Skolard and give me hope that there are those in the media who haven't been co-opted into submission by Bush and his cohorts. Keep up the good work.

JOHNATHAN WARD  
New York, N.Y.

Thank you for leaving the balls to show some light on the secret court of King George. Maybe it will inspire some of those so-called journalists to report the truth and stop being a part of the Bush propaganda machine.

KEVIN MONTGOMERY  
Cleveland, Ohio

Your story on Hagelin is another weak attempt to get your biased lib views against our president out to the American public. Your rag is just another liberal-mag sound off. You should be ashamed of yourself for not telling the public about the election crimes going on in the White House during the Clinton years. I thought the job of the media was to give an unbiased view of all the news, but it is more like just the news you want to report.

DAVID HARRIS  
Gaylord, Maine

Thank you for the eye-opening article by Skolard. As someone who still has a few members of the media do anything but trumpet the latest lies from the Karl Rove spin machine, Skolard and Esquire have performed a genuine public service by being the truth about the Bush administration. Even though you have upheld the highest standards of your profession.

ALAN C. DAVENPORT  
Philadelphia, Pa.

### Men and Dogs

Alonso July, writer at large Tom Junod expressed and movingly criticized his

point over the premature death of his missing Marco ("Marco Dead?").

Your July issue arrived in my mailbox on June 3, the day that I took my four-year-old Border collie to be put to sleep. She had been an athlete, a watchdog without peer who bonded my sons like sheep. She was my best friend, and when I carried her into the examination room at the animal hospital and watched the anesthesiologist breathe and great heart, I cried like a three-year-old. Thanks for the reassurance that it was the right thing to do.

DAVE RICHARD  
Kansas City, Mo.

Junod's story was one of the most eloquent, moving pieces I have ever read. I had tears flowing down my face, and I went and hugged my own dog when I was done reading. Thanks for the privilege of reading it.

ELLER CHEN  
Woodland Hills, Calif.

I have always thoroughly enjoyed Junod's writing, but I was more than moved by his piece in the July issue. I have had to put down a cherished pet, and it's a painful experience that has more painful emotions than any other kind. I was crushed and saddened and would do so again. Junod's telling of the story is so moving, anyone not being affected deeply upon reading it.

MARLENA FREEMAN  
Petaluma, Calif.

Everybody's dog dies.

MICHAEL GRIMALDI  
Kansas City, Mo.

**Road, the road, and Rock 'n' roll**  
"America as Road" took a dozen of our writers across the United States in search of the best restaurants in the country, the best records to listen to on the road, and the best places to stop along the way. Gladly.

Just finished your July issue, which was terrific. But in "50 Things Worth a Drive," you include chicken and



armani  
mania

the new fragrance for men

GIORGIO ARMANI





## The Sound & the Fury

home in the same breath. Further, you can fry, broil, bake, boil, braise, grill, and do lots of great culinary things with chicken, but if it ain't got four legs, it ain't chicken barbecue. It's chicken.

Lawrence C. Dorn  
Blue Ridge, Ga.

I've always enjoyed reading Scott Roth's writing, but he made a fan for life out of me with his thoughts on Steelers' MVP and All-Madden and the Cleveland Browns. I grew up on northeastern Ohio and went to school at Bowling Green State University, where the Browns came first. I was one of those fans who suffered through the Fumble and the Drive, and I watched the last Browns–Steelers game at Municipal Stadium with a mood approaching historic gloom. Still, I believe the scale of a cosmic justice will be realized, and it

[Require.com/fresh](http://Require.com/fresh)

## Esquire Eats

all recipes for every season and scenario. Equine.com/food

Serves a million Esquire  
maders (and their guests)

**INGREDIENTS:**

7. **center turned writer**  
(Francine Minubian)  
whose food philosophy  
can be summed up with  
the phrase "sizzle platter"  
48 recipes, each one  
printable and e-mailable

### PREPARATION

Test recipes vigorously. Test them again. Write lively stories of culinary adventure to accompany each dish. Salt liberally with useful info and links to sources for specialty ingredients.

**TO SERVE:**

Go to ESquire.com/food

### The Greatest Mail Letters Worth Reading Again

In February 1942, just seven months after Ernest Hemingway's death, Fugate printed a pair of previously unpublished articles about the author by writer Robert Grannick. One, after the issue appeared, a famous mock-up wrote to see Fugate wanted a re-

I think just that Gene's article about the collapse in the February issue. My job is teaching, but it seems to me it added too soon. Homogeneity was left intrinsically designed. It is the fact that as a result of his/her/his for some of forward took his Po words shodges and kneaded his bones. This led me to be an although growing. Of course I may be that Mr. Oliver excluded it and that was cut out by mass sales.

think Art Modell is destined for a fate comparable to the one Washko suffered

WINE GARDEN  
COUNTRY, PA.

After reading Jeff Goodwin's piece, "El Rastafari for the Road," it couldn't agree with him more regarding Rush on Main Street, by the Rolling Stones. In fact, last year my father and I took a main-road trip to Austin (over about thirty states away), and for no reason in particular I delivered that album to play in the way. It made the trip a little more exciting. So, fellow travelers, when actually taking the road, do yourself a favor: Select Rush on Main Street, and you will have a true subculture.

BRAD LUCY  
Whitehouse, Tex.

Miley thanks to Gordon for exposing her readers to the wonderful authorically created Petites recording *The GoodEarth*. For years I have attempted to convince friends, acquaintances, and total strangers that this is one of the best releases of the last twenty years. While *GoodEarth* didn't quite do it for me, at least I now have some proof that I'm not totally crazy when I tout the CD. Thanks.

—Randy Herman

Index	Year
1	1990
2	1991
3	1992
4	1993
5	1994
6	1995
7	1996
8	1997
9	1998
10	1999
11	2000
12	2001
13	2002
14	2003
15	2004
16	2005
17	2006
18	2007
19	2008
20	2009
21	2010
22	2011
23	2012
24	2013
25	2014
26	2015
27	2016
28	2017
29	2018
30	2019
31	2020
32	2021
33	2022
34	2023
35	2024
36	2025
37	2026
38	2027
39	2028
40	2029
41	2030
42	2031
43	2032
44	2033
45	2034
46	2035
47	2036
48	2037
49	2038
50	2039
51	2040
52	2041
53	2042
54	2043
55	2044
56	2045
57	2046
58	2047
59	2048
60	2049
61	2050
62	2051
63	2052
64	2053
65	2054
66	2055
67	2056
68	2057
69	2058
70	2059
71	2060
72	2061
73	2062
74	2063
75	2064
76	2065
77	2066
78	2067
79	2068
80	2069
81	2070
82	2071
83	2072
84	2073
85	2074
86	2075
87	2076
88	2077
89	2078
90	2079
91	2080
92	2081
93	2082
94	2083
95	2084
96	2085
97	2086
98	2087
99	2088
100	2089
101	2090
102	2091
103	2092
104	2093
105	2094
106	2095
107	2096
108	2097
109	2098
110	2099
111	2100
112	2101
113	2102
114	2103
115	2104
116	2105
117	2106
118	2107
119	2108
120	2109
121	2110
122	2111
123	2112
124	2113
125	2114
126	2115
127	2116
128	2117
129	2118
130	2119
131	2120
132	2121
133	2122
134	2123
135	2124
136	2125
137	2126
138	2127
139	2128
140	2129
141	2130
142	2131
143	2132
144	2133
145	2134
146	2135
147	2136
148	2137
149	2138
150	2139
151	2140
152	2141
153	2142
154	2143
155	2144
156	2145
157	2146
158	2147
159	2148
160	2149
16	

## Packaging Unit

**For our monthly What I've Learned feature, *Kiss Kissat Goro* columnist and writer and photographer Chris Baski** about some of the road apples he's found along NH's highways (July)

revised 31/03/2015 and 04/04/2015

SPENCER, C.M. May 1962

**ORIGINAL EDITOR SAYS:** The Hemingway style was printed just as it was written, mixing with the clasp of typewrite the tone of the interview as the artist clearly indicated was more than three years before Hemingway's death.

Shimazono is the perfect spokesman for his beloved Japanese generation. While his parents' generation grew up in the Depression and lived through the horrors of World War II and the society of the cold war, Shimazono embodies all of the selfish, insensitive, and arrogant qualities typical of spoiled, sheltered brats. Perhaps a better title for this article detailing Shimazono's delusions would have been "What Helps Me Sleep at Night?"

Michael Murphy  
Edmonton, Alberta

What has Simmons learned? Not me, he knew it all to begin with. He came a little off to the cynical, unemotional calculating position that he has been ever since he quit teaching to become an entertainer. Why are you guys wasting your time with this guy? He should go work for Bill Gates—if he doesn't already.

Agency: DDB  
Client: The

**Hey, Simmons**—it's obvious that your life so far has been a complete waste. You truly give each state a bad name. Oh, and by the way, Koss worked in 1977 and still works today.

CLARRY MERRILL  
Lynchburg Office

Signature: The editor may be invoking the sound effect: Fury (Square) FQ Box 954, Semantics One 40300. Also, Florida encourages the use of the DIO NY 10145 with mail on a regular basis. <http://www.ny10145.com> or the Web at [www.ny10145.com](http://www.ny10145.com). Include your full name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

ADREN CREA DE VOLPE CAPRI KROKET MARELLA PORDO CIELLO PORQUINO ST MORITA  
BEVERLY HILLS FIRENZE MILANO NEW YORK PARIGI PRAGA ROMA TOKYO  
NEUMAN MARCES BROODER GOODMAN SAKS FIFTH AVENUE WILKS BRIMFORD

Copyright © 2006 John Wiley & Sons, Ltd.

For any information: 1 888 778 8779

**HURT WITHIN (ESQUIRE)** The man who saved civilization... A heart-breaking story about a boy who made a sacrifice and became a symbol of hope... Our annual issue premiere... And the twentieth edition of *Women We Love*, including Jennifer Aniston and a host of other heroines, plus student No. 10 Adam and No. 11 and No. 12... Not a flower to throw off in this way.

## Editor's Letter

## Remember September

I'VE NEVER VISITED what used to be the World Trade Center. I've been downtown often since September 11, 2001, but I've never looked into the hole. In this issue, we're publishing a story by Glenn Clavier, the only journalist who was down there, on the hole, on that Tuesday and for the following eleven days. His story is an entirely unique chronicle of the rescue and recovery efforts as they evolved from the same intensity of chaos and crisis to the sadness and insight of human tragedy. He was there, witnessing and reporting, as civilization begins to reassert itself for good—as you'll see, in some cases—*on*.

I must note why I've avoided the former WTC. Lots of people I know made the climb. Mark Wernon, who'd read Clavier's amazing story, was down there working as a volunteer on the night of the attack. But I've stayed away. I was put off at first by the sense of it as posing of being closer than that. That morphed into the single awful moment of when I didn't recognize it. I've been waiting for a sense of what the disaster's permanent ramifications are going to be for our country below. I go downtown to a family reunion a place that meant a great deal to me—and that clarity is a long way off.



I was certain, on the first few weeks after the eleven, that the attack would be a catalyst. After a decade of easy prosperity, during which it became apparent that our culture was not doing as its own self satisfaction, I absolutely knew that this would be the life-changing and instant-changing event that would propel us into a new era of growth and innovation and world leadership that as the university approaches, I don't see it.

In a lot of ways, we've returned to many of the issues that were on display in the eighteen to twenty-four months prior to the eleven. We're discussing not society with together a clear idea of who our enemies are and the will to tackle, in a meaningful way, all the challenges—the education, education, energy, the environment, and treatment of a crime justice—that we're facing long before September 11. And as we ponder through what will likely be months or years of assigning blame and second-guessing—was it the CIA's fault or the FBI's, should the Clinton administration have stopped it, should we have antagonized and now profits—we will feel the need to take the meaningful action that is essential to a vital society through away has to encourage, unleashing words in making some strength in bars of the standards to change and growth in progress.

Add to this the nearly unbelievable crisis in leadership in America—in busi-

ness, in the clergy, in law enforcement, in academia, and in politics—and a pessimistic person could feel hope.

But Americans are not pessimists, and the vulnerability and fear that breed pessimism are themselves a reflection of the failure of leadership.

A couple of years ago, I and some of the editors at Esquire started considering the issue that will come out in December. We're calling it *The Best and the Brightest*, and it's intended to be both a salute of the people who will change our country in a positive way and a clear call to all of us to encourage and demand the kind of innovation that will sustain America's innovation leadership of the world.

We've assembled an incredible panel of consultants to assist us in identifying and encouraging the next generation of leaders: Craig Venter, who mapped the human genome; Benetton; Bob Albrecht; Dean Kamen, inventor; Harvey Weinstein, entrepreneur; provocateur Michael DeBakey, who invented heart-bypass surgery; architect David Rockwell; CBS president Leslie Moonves; artist Chuck Close; Chief Justice of the Harvard Law School; and many others.

Here's my hope. My hope is that once we close our December issue—once we have identified the people in our culture who are creating our future—then I will take an afternoon and pay a visit to Ground Zero.

—David Granger



DOLCE & GABBANA

A fashion advertisement for Dolce & Gabbana featuring a group of models in dark suits and ties. The models are posed in a line against a textured, light-colored wall. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows. The brand name 'DOLCE & GABBANA' is visible in the bottom left corner.

DOLCE & GABBANA





DOLCE & GABBANA

ADVERTISEMENT

# STYLE AGENDA

A SPECIAL PROMOTION FOR  
SQUIRE READERS



## A 'HIGHER' SORT OF MIND

HIGHER is CHRISTIAN DODD's big chance for the new century and the new look. The look is pure and architectural—a bold contrast of metal and glass. The sort is open, dry edge—a blend of urban, urban, and wacky notes. Available in Eau de Toilette and a range of effective, easy-to-use shaving and body essentials. Enjoy the complete HIGHER experience now at five department stores.

## WHO ARE TODAY'S NEW CULTURAL ICONS?

LINCOLN invites you to log on to [www.biography.com/lincoln](http://www.biography.com/lincoln) where you'll find an exciting wealth of material, including downloadable multi-media, celebrating the diversity and modernism of today's New Cultural Icons. From the fields of film, music, art, literature, fashion, food and design, these icons were chosen for their strength of ownership and innovation in their fields. The same qualities are found in the legacy of Robert Ford and in the great, innovative products of Lincoln. Both representations of the spirit and vision of true American cultural icons. And don't miss Lincoln's new Cultural Icons on **S&W BIOGRAPHY** this month and over the rest of the year. Check [www.lincolnbio.com/lincoln](http://www.lincolnbio.com/lincoln) for dates and times.

AND  
LINCOLN

**Biography**

## IT TAKES TO ENJOY

You'll want to join the **HILARIOUS DANCE** Rewards Program—Hilario Dances, may be experiencing their loyal customers, like you who enjoy the uncompromising quality and intelligent taste of Hilario Dances and acts. To become a Hilario Dances Rewards Member and receive VIP access to Hilario Dances sponsored film, music and art events, go to [www.hilariodances.com](http://www.hilariodances.com) and activate the Hilario Dances Rewards system.

**Hilario Dances**



## TEARING THE ELEMENTS WITH COLUMBIA SPORTSWEAR

A technical marvel, **COLUMBIA SPORTSWEAR** is for Oregon Perfor™ embodies style and function. Tear the elements year round with this waterproof/breathable outerwear which is three pieces in one: the performance fleece inner soft to the touch and for winter days, or wear the full inner. Starch pants and full of **Storm™** moisture wicking and is great waterproof expert's expert water!

## THE THIRD ANNUAL WOODSTOCK FILM FESTIVAL SEPTEMBER 19-22, 2012

Join **WIMMER** Studio and more lovers from around the country to **Woodstock, NY** from September 19-22 for the famed **WOODSTOCK FILM FESTIVAL**, a great showcase of films, good people and much more. Hosted by filmmakers and industry insiders as one of the best film festivals in the U.S., the Woodstock Film Festival presents an exhilarating lineup of more than 100 films, celebrity-led seminars, screenings, parties, and concerts. The WFF is proud to announce that this year's **MovieStar Award** will be presented to industry/entertainment **THE ROBBERS** at the September 22 WFF Awards Ceremony. For more information or to buy tickets for the festival please call (845) 878-0263 or go on to [www.woodstockfilmfestival.com](http://www.woodstockfilmfestival.com).

**HUMMER**  
OFFICIAL FILM FESTIVAL  
[www.hummer.com](http://www.hummer.com)

ESQUIRE IS ALWAYS IN STYLE FOR YOU. VENTURE SUBSCRIPTION. CALL 800 848 5460

# MAN at His BEST

[illegible]

**THE** **WORLD'S** **LARGEST** **BOOKSTORE**

SEPTEMBER 2002 ESCOFFIER 63



## Introducing PCS Vision™. Now there's clearly *just* one way to see and hear with our new PCS First Class

Screens™ and enhanced nationwide network. Take digital pictures and send them to computers or select PCS Phones. Send and receive emails in a format that will remind you of your computer screen. Play exciting games, get full-color news, weather, sports and financial information from the Web and much more. All this and of course clear calls because only Sprint built the largest all-digital, all-PCS nationwide network with advanced multimedia services reaching more than 250 million people. It's clearly a whole new way to look at wireless. Get the whole story at [www.sprintpcs.com](http://www.sprintpcs.com) or 1.800.488.4PCS.



Phone



Emailing



Games



all-weather



PCS Business Connection



Sports



Web



©2004 Sprint Nextel. All rights reserved. PCS Vision is a registered trademark of Sprint Nextel. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners. Sprint Nextel and the "Sprint" logo are trademarks of Sprint Nextel. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners.





LANCÔME  
PARIS

DISCOVER THE NEW MEN'S FRAGRANCE FROM LANCÔME

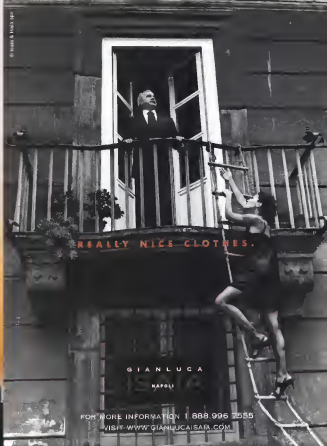


TO TRY  
MIRACLE FOR MEN  
LIFT HERE ▶

shop at lancome.com

Lord & Taylor

© 1999 L&T Inc.



REALLY NICE CLOTHES.

GIANLUCA

NAPOLI

FOR MORE INFORMATION 1 888 996 7555

VISIT WWW.GIANLUCAISAPAR.COM



FOR BEST  
RESULTS

POLISH SHOES WITH LONG

WEEKENDS BEIJING AHEAD

8丁 關 王 廟 吳 王 廟 呂 祖 廟 關 帝 廟 關 帝 廟 關 帝 廟



JOHNSTON &amp; MURPHY.







VAN HEUSEN  
SHIRTS FOR MEN

**What it takes to  
be a father.**



**What it takes to  
be a dad.**

Read to your children.  
Keep your promises.  
Go for walks together.  
Let your children help with household projects.  
Spend time one-on-one with each child.  
Tell your children about your own childhood.  
Go to the zoo, museums, ball games as a family.  
Set a good example.  
Use good manners.  
Help your children with their homework.  
Show your children lots of warmth and affection.  
Set clear, consistent limits.  
Consider how your decisions will affect your children.  
Listen to your children.  
Know your children's friends.  
Take your children to work.  
Open a savings account for college education.  
Resolve conflicts quickly.  
Take your children to your place of worship.  
Make a kite together.  
Fly a kite together.  
You get the idea.

For even more ideas, call the  
**National Fatherhood Initiative**  
at **1-800-790-DADS**.

*It takes a man to be a dad.*









COLE HAAN

shoes coats accessories

# Man at His Best Grooming



## Smell Gently

**a.** Shaving brush for face and body. \$20 for 3-oz. by Gillette. **b.** Aftershave. \$10 for 3-oz. by Gillette. **c.** Deodorant. \$10 for 3-oz. by Gillette. **d.** Body wash. \$10 for 3-oz. by Gillette. **e.** Cologne. \$10 for 3-oz. by Gillette. **f.** Shave cream. \$10 for 3-oz. by Gillette. **g.** Aftershave. \$10 for 3-oz. by Gillette. **h.** Aftershave. \$10 for 3-oz. by Gillette. **i.** Aftershave. \$10 for 3-oz. by Gillette. **j.** Aftershave. \$10 for 3-oz. by Gillette. **k.** Aftershave. \$10 for 3-oz. by Gillette. **l.** Aftershave. \$10 for 3-oz. by Gillette.

WRX

subaru.com



## EARTHSHAKING POWER. GROUND-SHREDDING TRACTION. BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU POINT IT.

If you get that a true performance car does more than just go fast, you'll get the Subaru WRX. It seamlessly blends the turbocharged power of 227 horses with the traction and control of Subaru All-Wheel Drive. The result is 0 to 60 in 5.4 seconds\* along with the ability to turn a twisted mountain road into your own personal roller coaster. And when you get behind the wheel, remember, this thing's loaded. The beauty of Subaru All-Wheel Drive: When you get it, you get it.

SUBARU

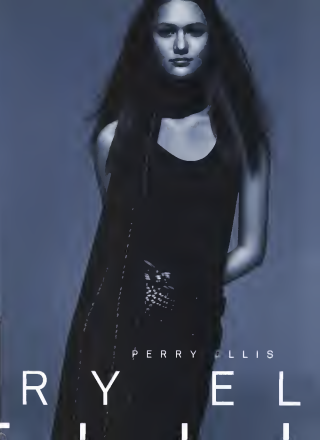
The Beauty of All-Wheel Drive.

\*With 5-speed manual transmission. Actual 0-60 times may vary. See dealer for details.









PERRY ELLIS

PERRY ELLIS  
PERRY  
D

PERRY ELLIS

PERRY ELLIS



## READ THIS AD.

OR, DON'T.

*An exercise in freedom.*

By deciding to continue reading,

you've just demonstrated a key American freedom—choice. And, should you choose to turn the page, take a nap or go, don't you have those freedoms too.

Because while rights like freedom of speech, freedom of religion and freedom of the press got all the attention in the Constitution, the media liberties you can enjoy every day in America are no less important or worthy of celebration.

Your right to be left alone.

Sleeping in on Sundays and listening to any disc or music you please can be just as fulfilling as your right to vote for the president. Maybe even more so because you can enjoy those freedoms personally and often.

To take a moment to celebrate all the daily liberties you enjoy in America. Or, forget all this and choose to take them for granted—in a free country.

FREEDOM APPROPRIATE IS CHERISH IT. PROTECT IT.





**Busy Bodies** Yes, there is a lot going on in these pictures. There are sport coats over sweaters, there are pinstripe shirts with band jackets, there's even a windowpane jacket, striped tie, and blue checked shirt all on the same headless torso. You think it's outrageous? Well, yes, it is (plus guys, but the creator for this kind of mix-and-match dressing is a look that's uniquely your own and to mention where sweaters are concerned the added warmth is a total add-on, and you can't feel strong as you start with high-quality pieces in winter stock.

## The Style Guide Four Ways to Wear Layers >>>>



**THREE-BUTTON** sport coat by J. Crew, \$1,495. \$1,195. **THREE-BUTTON** shirt by J. Crew, \$1,495. \$1,195. **THREE-BUTTON** tie by J. Crew, \$1,495. \$1,195.



**THREE-BUTTON** sport coat by J. Crew, \$1,495. \$1,195. **THREE-BUTTON** shirt by J. Crew, \$1,495. \$1,195. **THREE-BUTTON** tie by J. Crew, \$1,495. \$1,195.



**THREE-BUTTON** sport coat by J. Crew, \$1,495. \$1,195. **THREE-BUTTON** shirt by J. Crew, \$1,495. \$1,195. **THREE-BUTTON** tie by J. Crew, \$1,495. \$1,195.



**THREE-BUTTON** sport coat by J. Crew, \$1,495. \$1,195. **THREE-BUTTON** shirt by J. Crew, \$1,495. \$1,195. **THREE-BUTTON** tie by J. Crew, \$1,495. \$1,195.



For more information, visit [www.vestimenta.com](http://www.vestimenta.com)

**VESTIMENTA**  
MADE IN ITALY

**NOVOCADATUS** couldn't have predicted the phenomenon of the peacoat. A version of the heavy wool jacket debuted in the early 1900s, was later adopted by the U.S. Navy, and eventually took its place as standard Amer. wear around the globe. The style owes its perennial popularity to the fact that it's simply the strongest, most versatile garment for casual, stormy weather. And it over the years the peacoat has been plaided, pinstriped and adorned with fashions are always there. This season look for one with prime wool tops that make high on the chest. In fact, most are on special-weather outside, or related settings.

## The Style Guide Peacoats for Every Price Range



It's what's inside that counts.



ECCO comfort. It's a matter of soft leather, light materials, flexible soles, and a fit that feels just right. Each feature contributes to your overall comfort and captures the essence of what ECCO shoes are all about. Try them on and discover: it's what's inside that counts.

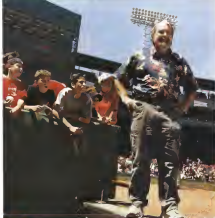
**ecco**

For a decade, I've written about America through its games.  
**THAT'S ALL OVER NOW.**

# The Game

BY CHARLES P. FIERCE

>>>>



The author of *Irony Park* is a sports scribe in 2002

early in '86, and you could still see the dying sunlight if you looked up the main ramps, down the concourses, and out through the breezeways.

The sunlight didn't flood in the way it used to come into the old Garden, down and broadened and grand, it seemed more powerful because of a powerful ball enough to push through the opaque glass that defined the place. It went into the old locker rooms and the service concourses, still with considerable, as if the building itself were sweating. It was brighter and more visible, if only by contrast. Now, though, the sunlight was an arrival game. It came in gently by night, through the long in the Blue Center. The blue sky was clear and all the designer boxes. I watched the sunlight out through the doors. It was a good day to be here.

The '02 and the 2002. The '02 and the 2002. Russell and With Orr and Lafferty and McHale and Mares and the Doc. A great jumble of things—sports I'd watched for years and sports I'd watched for weeks and maybe some sports where the decision was just too clear.

"Why sports?" the late Dick Schapp once asked me on a radio program. He knew the answer of course. But even his radio program, and he was being polite.

Why not? asked back. If you follow them the right way, they can lead you to some amazing places. They can bring you close up to the history of this country, good and bad. They can bring you close up to the stars and narrow and close of this

## The Last Sports Column

SAY IN THE LOBBY, empty now with men in blue T-shirts sweeping out the afternoon's basketball game in preparation for the evening's hockey game. The Boston Celtics had beaten the Philadelphia 76ers in an NBA playoff, and the Boston Bruins were preparing to defend the Stanley Cup. In an NHL playoff game, some of the players and fans were being swept up and carried off and then were disposed of. The West Center—the shiny new sports palace that Boston built to replace the dark old Boston Garden—was still in all corners like a machine shop. Fielding and power tracks needed and wheels, and down the floor, what remained of the parking lot, scraped and grime appeared to be

— CERTIFIED PRE-OWNED LEXUS —



## OTHER CARS ARE PRE-OWNED. BUT THAT'S WHERE THE SIMILARITIES END.

Truth be told, Certified Pre-Owned Lexus Vehicles have more in common with new cars. Like the Lexus of warranties that backs them for three years from your date of purchase or 100,000 total vehicle miles.\* A complimentary loaner car. Extremely competitive financing rates and lease terms. And, of course, there is one more important thing that separates a Certified Pre-Owned Lexus from other vehicles: They are only available at your local Lexus dealer. But, you shouldn't simply take our word for it. Come in for a test drive and see for yourself.



**CERTIFIED**  
**PRE-OWNED**  
**LEXUS**  
 ONLY AT YOUR LEXUS DEALER  
[lexus.com](http://lexus.com)

\*See your Lexus Certified Pre-Owned dealer for warranty details. Vehicle lease not available in qualified jurisdictions. Lessee must. Only the 3 and 4 cylinders will qualify for the lowest finance rates. ©2002 Lexus, a Division of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Lexus makes you its most valuable, most attentive to your needs. They all spend time and money on you.





## The Game

>>>>

polo-washer and a horse dog with a pro-life collar who once had a near-miss drawn in his mobile home.

I know what to order for Christmas dinner at the World Trade Terminal near Odessa, Texas.

I have sung with Bob Marley's mother. I have walked the stage of the Ryman Auditorium in Nashville, and I have walked the twelve of the woods from which schoolchildren shot their classmates to death.

I have seen polar bears wandering the streets of a city.

I have sat with Justice Jackson while a friend dreams he is a cowboy.

I have looked down upon the White House property, and I have seen a where each of the four presidents got plugged.

I have stood in the hallway of the Lincoln Hotel.

I have played with Nelson A. Rockefeller.

I have met in my life a shaman who works in science and I have laughed with a milkman who wrestles under the name Willie Ho.

I have seen the golden head of Jesus, blood-spitting, as a candle.

I have learned to know a cowboy.

I have seen the way the grass moves at the plains of Wyoming and how the snow blows almost vertical, off Lake Superior before Christmas comes.

I have seen the way the candles in a room appear to me as beads in the willow trees.

I have met a man named Pericles.

All those dreams on the Dakota house, Pennington, they needed some return named Pericles. They needed to see what and what possibilities, and then, maybe, we all would find ourselves every four years electing the president of an increasingly crowded world of nations. They all could have used a few more polar bears in their lives.

DO YOU SCOT? For these people all.

Undelivered to Turkey them suddenly was scattered by planes—the last time for a magazine like this one is about three months, so that, for example, we are playing an NFL playoffs here, which means you see a lot of folks in the pits—first-class.

Inside nothing: either the way daily lives are, or the way daily systems, both of which are equally corrupting in the end. And, but there are some states and people that I follow with particular interest, let's say, after the states are done.

There's the story of Allen Iverson, who I believe is the most interesting athlete alive right now. He grows up in a poor neighborhood, he didn't have money to live in his house. He was put in a public school, a private school who was supposed to be a boarding school, but had been proved to be the Ritz Carlton. He got back to school, he ended up turning basketball into a NBA trip in Toronto, he had long before he ever got to the NBA.

The first time I met him was when he signed a \$4 million deal to play in Philadelphia. It was raining, horrible day, and we sat in the lobby of the hotel. He was sitting there, and there was a lot of nervous about him that seemed to go down his back. He was holding his baggy pants, as though he was a kid with glasses. He looked so very young.

I spent another day with him a few years later. He was driving around Boston in a house with his friends, two cars, two cars, two cars, one of them were a brand-new design, but the hundred-dollar bill. He was going around with his eyes closed. That was me, as though he was. He was something too difficult for him to hold, was still the same.

Think of that, then. Think of doing your life, all your life and for reasons of absolute survival, in a position in a world that suddenly makes you one of the most important decisions that it will give you everything in it. But, then, you spend a night, and then, the next day, you are a person of deepness about the American dream, and then, one day, the mother-fucker turns out to be true. Can you trust it? Allen Iverson, right now, this moment, can have every single material reward that this society can offer him, if only he can trust it enough. He can have it all, and he's not sure he wants it.

That's a story that I believe of the future, that a deeper than the dream and the staged-up always, that's what everything in America all the way back to the blue-

## (The Gear)

NO ONE SAYS TOO TO A BAGFUL of callaways. Pings, TaylorMade's or Titleists. And why should they? You want to stand out from the crowd, you go for something a little different. Here are three beautiful, small-batch clubs that should do the trick: Louisville Golf's limited-edition fairway woods (B145 to B155) are reportedly more accurate than most of headed sticks, but you should play them for their warm feel, great sound, and killer looks. Microtextured weights from Porsche Design Golf (\$290) show there are also things that ping—just handle like a Boulder. And while the twenty-three thousand they know that make up the face of the Callaway's funky new B Series putters (\$190), which the company says is a great roll, may seem a few crude jokes, Brierley doesn't have the last laugh with a B two for months now.

—ERIN ROSEMAN



all promises of Reconstruction. It's the kind of story—man and dream and reward and the eternal nature of the American dream—fantasy and the tight little world of the political sports that the kind that sportsmen have to try to manage every day. It's not about to tell, it's about to do. It's going to watch it unfold with endless fascination. And if that means I'm missing for him, so be it.

THE STORY is all deep and wide and out there. If you're going to find them, but sports—no, no, no. Sports—has made it increasingly difficult to do so. So much in



# VERSACE CLASSIC



## A CHARACTER-DRIVEN BLOCKBUSTER? An entertaining Spielberg? What happened to the wasteland of summer cinema?

The Screen

BY TOM CARSON

PPPP



# Summer of All Fears

**T**HE ROBERT ROYCELOON FORD Sunlight is agreeable wave when this summer came from extreme Menendez crime David Aronoff, who stumbled up his new, idiomatically acting, howl over at the "necessary" topic of parallelism between Steven Spielberg's formulaic flagging, who are at times more a cowardly character than he killed anybody and the great recent real-life real-life of potential terrorists that the World Trade Center attack. One reason to find this current news race hang is that, as Aronoff reasonably knew, the vast majority of Americans didn't lose a minute's nervous time fretting over John Ashcroft plotting Blacky Bink with the Bill of Rights. More to the point, you'd have to be kidding yourself to think that Spielberg's sleek yet fiendish was the movie to get the populace brooding about that or any other issue, given that Menendez Aronoff runs out to have, say, next to nothing to say about its own thought-provoking theme. Over the story morphs into John Grisham's futuristic drug, the preoccupation gimmick ending being irrelevant to the plot, and, what—hardly that happens!

Most likely, Spielberg's critic was looking for a way to keep the headbanger without blowing his brain through the radio, because we all began the summer aware of it was okay to have fun at the movies again. The *Men*, a powerful moral time helped the super go down, and the media will do us but to supply some even when the *Men* is here's. After all, we were supposed to cheerfully go back to turning our respect into paganism as if that thing had happened, were we? Or were we?

The truth is that we did and we didn't. When the William Shatner of the world will never know to what about American culture's identity is that, just like a New York firefighter it's realistic. However, the truth is that in the middle of the summer, and what makes that interesting is that it wasn't just. Remember it, the movies that accounted for Hollywood's relative darkness. At the time this season's blockbusters went into production, most moviegoers (and movie heads) still thought the Taliban was a disaster. And yet the unexpected, golden-happy thrillers were that had been a disaster, the last weather has often previously since. Bruce was in danger—the *Armageddon* and *Independence Day*—were to short supply this summer. *Caracas* still, what is placed there were commercial projects really selected by an interest in psychological fiction, tons of mental, and vulnerability—like *Blacky Bink* trying to measure up in *The Son of All Fears* to *Spider-Man*'s sublimely superhero in the night of *Tom Cruise*, *Blacky Bink* and *Blacky Bink*, looking out from mechanical concept cinema in a *Spider-Man* film.

In other words, just maybe the life had a chance we were going head-on with middle-up apocalypse even before *All Quads* could be said to be the clouds. But that we'd stopped driving excitement, we just wanted it to have a more human face, even if the one we focus on in *Menendez Aronoff*—2001's *Deliverance* summer flick, hands down isn't *Cruise*'s so much as the director's. That's because *Deliverance* is more a showman than what he is a person. When he thinks he's doing something dark and edgy, what we respond to is his absolute, unyielding confidence that he can pull it off—and show these whippersnapper pen behind the *Men* and the *Men* are the bargains, you bet.

The movie is so far from being original that its ingenuity is an avowed synopsis of what other directors of the 1950s have been doing with their movie years—

Thunderbird

www.fordusa.com

GET TO KNOW *no boundaries*





**EVEN AS PROFITS** are running up in Hollywood, time is running out on the men who tried to rule the place

The Industry

BY KIM MATTERS



The same standard for Michael Jett makes the clock look like he's older

## Tick-Tock in Mogul Land

IT WAS HARDLY SURPRISING that Lew Wasserman died this summer. The man was eighty-nine years old, he had suffered a stroke, and his family was so prepared for this event that, in accordance with his wishes, he was buried within hours, on the very day he died. Which is just as well, because when people for whom he had acute regard—such as Disney chairman Michael Eisner—needed someone to recommend him, he had a grasp on which to give. Wasserman's decline was timely to most respects: He wasn't forced to witness the speed at which his former new jays, now Viacom Universal, in two full, slow turns have changed. Wasserman's own reign was unparalleled in recent history in terms of the power he wielded at his company (MCA), and throughout the movie industry. He was the unquestioned ruler whose career in the industry's relationship with the White House (Kushner's career didn't end as he might have wished. Instead, he helped shape several of which history repeats—the night-time mogul—was nearly driven to extinction. As a result, he left behind a quiet version of the Hollywood that he ruled for so long.

Wasserman's mistake was selling his company without realizing—surprisingly, for such a shrewd player—that he was losing his power. The 1990 deal that delivered MCA into the hands of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and then Viacom and then Viacom was part of the deal in which the deal was submitted by large corporate entities. But it was a decision that Wasserman came to regret, according to executives close to him. Although he missed the deal, he missed his power. The company that he ran with quiet conservatism for nearly fifty years, seeking, staggered with debt, and facing open revolt from shareholders.

Wasserman was hardly a pessimist of great thinking. In fact, he wasn't smart at all. But he was smart like me compared with some of the other chief executives across the land whose appalling greed has been on display in recent months. "Lew



Sound so good you don't want to share it.

Meet the new TriPort™ headphones from Bose.

Rich, deep bass. Crisp, clear highs. Unique Bose technology. Exceptional audio performance.



For a store near you, or to order call  
800-541-8988  
www.bose.com  
AOL Keyword: TriPort.

**BOSE**  
Better sound through research.

## The Industry

A lot of damage has been done by dishonesty. It tends to hinder the only one who can help: enterprise expert leaving serious money trouble. At AOL, Time Warner and Disney there are no good, suited problems as well as open specialization not just about the longevity of those at the top, but about the firm which these companies might survive. If a business never knows for sure, there is a sense that extraordinary changes may be coming at the highest echelons. And there are many in the executive ranks of the shadowy grey area that it will happen soon.

But Disney might be in more trouble when the board doesn't want to publicly send out the message that there were some reasonable grounds for doubting his place. Although Disney's counter-researcher the company, Bob Iger, makes a nice attempt to come across as a reasonable man, the future of Disney and its brand is at stake. I came up with another executive who could help manage the unruly kingdom and be its family-friendly head, though some have tried floating just Jim Skinner, the company's chairman, Mr. Korman.

These rumors are fanciful. So Disney may not be around when his contract expires in 2006. Nevertheless, the dream of Hollywood's more sunny, more human future is at stake.

Some have noted that in a business as reliant on probleming and instinct, it's odd to see in him an answer to mid-level corporate bosses, a few of whom actually dislike the movie but see him and all of whom are floored on quarterly results. They don't believe that there has been any interference with the *Wayne* studio continuity but in the hand of another studio guy it isn't quite so simple. "It isn't that [sighful] constraints are put on you," this executive says. "It's just that you know the rules."

Notwithstanding those constraints

GEOFFREY BEENE  
NECKWEAR



## CYBER ESO

COLUMBIA SPORTSWEAR

COLUMBIA SPORTSWEAR  
www.columbia.com

Columbia Sportswear has a complete selection of sportswear, outdoor gear and footwear that meets your outdoor activities.

GEN ART  
www.genart.orgSee films before they're released or at the front row of a major industry feature show. Through Gen Art's exclusive award the country Gen Art brings the best emerging talent from behind the velvet ropes. Go to [www.genart.org](http://www.genart.org) for a list of upcoming events.SEPHORA  
www.sephora.com

Get the best, new &amp; exclusive and showing products, fragrances, and gifts at Sephora.com. Receive free shipping on orders over \$45 and complimentary gift packaging.

MATCHLIVE.COM  
www.matchlive.comCheck out [www.matchlive.com](http://www.matchlive.com) early—the new events program from the leader in online dating. Match.com MatchLive offers live performances at a wide variety of social events, parties, and interactive ways to meet. Currently in New York City, MatchLive will be coming to a city near you soon.TROUSER PRESS  
RECORD GUIDE  
www.trouserspress.com

What's been called "the bible of all to-morrow's rock" is now online, offering informed and opinionated reviews of albums track to track—\$6.95.

YOUNG & RUBINS  
www.youngandrubins.com

Lust, jazz and blues combine with film scores (either on Saville (the new) album from Young &amp; Rubins. Go online to sample their dynamic world music.

DILLER didn't want to look as if he were warming up without getting in the game.

## The Industry

might not manage to keep the two coming. Richard Parsons, the AOL chief executive, accompanied to retire some of the uncertainty that Warner and other investors enjoyed before the merger with AOL. Instead of chasing elusive synergies, he appears to be embracing the old Stromberg philosophy of allowing each division to pursue its own interests first.

If that turns out to be a truce, it would be a great relief for many investors. "You can't have all those other matters that you're serving," says the exasperated head of one studio. "It's a mess."

It's a painful conversation when you're the one whose division is made superfluous while the stock that was supposed to make you rich ends its sojourn in the company. And so each executive clings to the hope that vertical integration has demonstrably failed and that the lumbering conglomerate now lies upon its back, at least for now. "It was a better-than-world idea and it didn't work," says one former producer who remains in his power position at the studios. "So let's move on."

THE SITUATION at Viacom/Universal has been so volatile that producers are dangerous. But for now, the company appears to be in a better hands. The new boss, Ann-Kristin Flannery, has given herself through September to figure a way out of the Messier mess. But as for the studio in contention, it appeared—in the early morning, at least—thick air made led to Barry Diller. Indeed, he has positioned himself brilliantly in the media after Messier gave him an ill-defined role as head of the entertainment assets. Diller kept his hands very tight. There were no words of protest about his own future from Universal, which continued, after all, to perform quite well. Still, Diller made himself visible, carefully navigating through the messy identity problems and cross-computing. Jeffrey Katzenberg to a Lionsgate playoff game—a source of great amusement to the regulators, and a spark, no doubt, to a flurry of rumors that if Diller takes over Universal, he will buy DreamWorks and put Katzenberg in charge. (Those stories are not without logic, since many observers figure that DreamWorks will have

to make a deal somewhere eventually.) Meaningful few words of support for Messier. Diller kept his head down while the clouds were flying. A veteran Universal executive doubts that Diller was entirely passive. "Knowing that Messier [was] relying on Barry's voice caused—and then watching him flame out," Mehl, who knows Messier seemed very capable of flaming out without any help.

Some Hollywood veterans—including Dilly and Wasserman's longtime partner, Sid Kinsberg—wonder whether Diller really didn't want to run Universal in the first place. But at a time to escape that after years without a steady bag of the left hand in 1992, Diller didn't have an appealing option in the major league, unless he could acquire himself as a new shipowner and some real power. What he undoubtedly wanted so much was looking as if he were winning up if the wasn't going to get out of the help.

After all, if the offer didn't go to him—or another hope washed away the prize—he could walk away with a bag of money and change. He did it recently, so it is the first place. Through the winners, he gave such successfully different performance that the studio might want to create a new senior category. (No doubt his performance has been better than most of those on the screen this year.)

Whatever happens, at least Diller took the time to pay meaningful respects to Wasserman in his waning days. Even after Wasserman died, he invited the late leader as an inspiration in a trophy ceremony—something he sent out just after Messier's expulsion (and hand over to his own the table). According to one of the last major TV occurred lunch conversations, Wasserman would be lighted that Diller paid reverence to him. (And who could truly expect Diller at Universal—even post-bureaucracy—of at Wasserman?) "He was happy that Diller was coming—just as he told me," this associate says. "He thought, Barry is a smart guy coming in to run my assets. As opposed to these dumb guys." A concluding thought perhaps to a man who knew that the business was inside the prize because he had helped open the lock. ■

GEOFFREY BEENE  
NECKWEAR

**THE NEW PLAGUE** in America is not heart disease or cancer or AIDS, it is diabetes. The more we eat, it seems, the more we're being eaten.

The Body

BY JIM ATKINSON

>>>>



## Scared Yet?

USED TO KNOW A GUY WHO in the tender age of 40, suffered from HIV drug addiction, and diabetes, not to mention an undeniably irresistible sexual magnetism. In my naive state, he struck me as the ideal diabetes was the worst. "I have to go now! I have to play with a girl, it's just so sexy alive," he'd leaver. "I'll probably start losing my toes and my eyelids someday anyway. The worst of it is nobody really believes me that it's so bad. They think, like, 'hey, that's what Gershwin had.'"

That's exactly what I've always thought about diabetes mellitus—some scary and obscure pathology that strikes only very poor people devoid of common sense or the art doesn't get them fixed. Some thing to do with too much sugar or too little insulin, whatever that is. But in the past decade or so, diabetes has become a silent killer among the affluent, the middle-aged, and even children. In fact, it has become the latest official scourge of baby boomers and their babies. Yet this scourge can't be blamed on anything exotic or mysterious, but on the most recent of our obsessions: food.

### Some Scary Facts

- Though diabetes is still more common among the elderly, in the last dozen years cases have shot up 50 percent among Americans aged thirty to fifty and, according to one study, would cause more deaths than.

- Diabetes is now our sixth leading killer. And it's probably responsible for many more deaths than show up in the numbers because it is a common precursor to coronary artery disease, hypertension, and kidney disease, which tend to get the credit on death certificates.

- Diabetes is also the leading cause of new cases of blindness and (auto-transmitted) limb amputations.

- Diabetes now afflicts one million Americans, about 10 percent of the population. Worse, it's growing at a rate of





Unleashed only at night.

Precisely engineered.



Model shown is a R. Chrysler Town & Country. Sebring Series, Conquest, Sebring Convertible, 300M, PT Cruiser, Sebring Coupe.

The best of design and engineering can now be found somewhere other than on your wrist. That's because with Chrysler's technological expertise we make innovations even more innovative by paying attention to the microscopic details. After all, everyone knows it's the little things that give daring designs their impressive aspect. To find out more about our award-winning lineup, call 1-800-CHRYSLER or visit [www.chrysler.com](http://www.chrysler.com)



**CHRYSLER**



**Drive = Love**

## The Body

>>>>

## A Scary Story

one million new cases a year

And wait, another action on the American home page "prophetic," meaning that their blood-glucose levels are currently close to the coastline. But why this epidemic now? Apparently it's because we're all getting so fat. After all, a staggering 64 percent of American adults are either overweight or obese (a body-mass index of 25 or more, 155 pounds or so on a six-foot male frame, adults included) and the obesity rate among kids has doubled since the early 1980s.

I thought diabetes was just inherited, or kids got it from certain viral infections. That adequately describes Type 1 diabetes, which affects only 5 to 10 percent of diabetic patients. It involves chronically low production of insulin, which results in chronically high blood sugar—diabetes. The only reason for Type 1, which generally emerges in adolescence, is the infamous daily injections of insulin, hence its moniker, insulin-dependent diabetes.

The cause of the present scourge, however, is Type 2 diabetes, which is responsible for 90 to 95 percent of cases. It can involve poor production, but it is usually a disease that you eat your way into. And how does being fat cause diabetes? In medical terms, the human metabolism processes the fat, carbohydrate, protein, and water that we consume and breathes them down one trail that can be used for energy (primarily glucose), stuff that can be used to grow or repair the body (generally protein), and stuff that, because it's either useless or toxic, needs to be eliminated as waste. Insulin, a hormone produced by the pancreas, helps regulate production, consumption, and storage of glucose. Among other things, it keeps the amount of sugar coming free in the bloodstream at or below 125 mg/dm<sup>3</sup> per deciliter after an overnight fast.

Put in other terms, it helps make sure that glucose makes it to, in fact, as well as sugar of the body that serves numerous other functions, some of which, in too much abundance, can damage the body in

surface of glucose and insulin, creating an "insulin resistance" metabolic state, which does not use or store glucose efficiently enough, thus forcing too much of it into the bloodstream.

"Our metabolisms were once more able to survive in the most austere of conditions—you know, one bowl a month," says Dr. Francisco Kaufman, a leading diabetes expert from Children's Hospital Los Angeles. "And so that system evolved to get as much energy storage as possible. Now we have 7-Eleven around the corner, and we can chug all day with a Big Gulp. Everything's out of whack."

But how does this make you so sick? Once fat has helped derange the glucose-insulin balance, the body's main process for storing energy can actually become a toxic to its owner, particularly those of the vascular and nervous systems. Their "home sugar" (only insulin could produce such a rich oxygenated) sustains a particularly destructive effect on the tissue of blood vessels, which proliferate in organs such as the eyes and the kidneys. Too much sugar in the blood prevents reabsorption and breakdown, for example by stimulating abnormal growth of the microvilli around the retina, creating additional weight and compression and an increased blood flow. Too much sugar in the walls of blood vessels and thus delicate organs ranging from the kidneys to the heart to the nervous system, where diminished blood flow can cause reduced sensation, muscle weakness, and even damage to the autonomic nervous system.

As a medical guy who's spent a lot of time in emergency rooms, I can tell you that diabetes can really do a number on some one who's not managing it carefully. A heart attack here, a stroke there. A kidney here, a kidney there. It's even in your people time, a surgery may consider that it's caused by a diabetic (sugar) that it's supposed to be treated and help us grow.

Aside from being fat, is there anything else that predisposes people to this? The occurrence of the disease among first-degree family members of course, statistically puts you at higher risk

THE MOST INTERESTING THING about the diabetes epidemic is that it seems to have, on a global scale, only one cause. Consider the case of Daniel Gersht, 40-year-old, a Dallas fitness and personal trainer. Though a self-proclaimed "fat guy," he always carried the weight on an athletic frame and never had a problem with his blood sugars and high stress of his work. But last July he began to notice that he was getting a bit more panting every twenty minutes. He checked out his blood sugar. A few days later, he felt the wall when on duty his legs got out of sync. His vision blurred. By the time he got a glucose reading at the emergency room, it was off the charts—1,204 on one Appleton test. Two or three times a healthy guy to being a diabetic is never such a thing. But if I didn't check it twice a day, I might not be giving this letter out.

Insulin was first treated with insulin replacement by injection, then moved to oral medication. But the medications were so effective that his blood sugar became dangerously low—hypoglycemia—and so he and his doctors decided to let him change his disease himself. He was not himself back from more than three months of insulin therapy. He began to feel his blood sugar levels regularly and typically in the 100 to 150 range, but he never had a low blood sugar level. —J.A.

Also, certain ethnic groups—African-Americans, Mexican-Americans, and American Indians—seem especially prone to the condition, perhaps because their families consumed more protein-rich diets than did the Western Europeans, and so they have more genetic inclination toward the shift from use of energy consumption that Kaufman refers to. That's the shock to the system of the fat and too rich American diet, a diet that much greater. If you have one of these risk factors, how can you be sure you're not developing a problem? Most cases of diabetes are detected by a blood-glucose test, so you should be checked as often as your doctor agrees is necessary, or check it yourself with one of several brands of self-monitoring devices that range in price from \$20 to \$110. And obviously, if you're overweight or other-



ROCKPORT

MEN'S MILANO MADE COMFORTABLE BY DMX

NEW YORK BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO

PHOTO: FRANKLIN D'AMICO; STYLING: JESSICA KAPLAN; HAIR: JEFFREY M. HARRIS; MAKEUP: JESSICA KAPLAN; SHIRT: CALVIN KLEIN; TIE: PRADA; CHAIR: JEFFREY M. HARRIS; SHIRT: CALVIN KLEIN; TIE: PRADA; CHAIR: JEFFREY M. HARRIS



## THE TRAVEL SITE WITH THE MOST LOW FARES.

The most available fares. The most flight options. The most Web fares in one place.  
Scans more than two billion possibilities in seconds. Easy to navigate. Easy to use.

THE MOST LOW FARES TO PLANET EARTH. ORBITZ.COM

# ORBITZ

Proudly created by the World's Leading Air Net



## (10 THINGS You Don't Know About Women)

### The Body

By Jemima Hunt

wise at risk, haven't had your blood glucose checked lately, and begin to suffer from sudden, constant thirst and/or be going peeing a lot more than normal, get to the doc or the ER. Those are the early symptoms of the acute phase of diabetes, *hyperosmosis*.

Once you set your way into diabetes, can you diet your way out? The short answer is yes. The good news about the diabetes epidemic is that if it was mostly created by your own inconsideration, it can be reversed by some disciplined eating and exercise. Losing a substantial amount of weight, increasing cardiovascular activity, and keeping blood sugar levels down can at least slow the degenerative effects of the disease on the eyes and peripheral nerves and can actually reverse cardiovascular and kidney damage in some cases.

Of course, the best news is that even as medical science learns more about the pathogenesis of diabetes—it is now considered a systemic player in cancer, as well as heart disease, stroke, and dementia, and is slowly a behavioral risk factor as smoking—we seem only to be getting fatter. Muscle-dumb, fifty-year-old women are not getting any younger, and it's not just the jiggleman. We are truly living, as Keanu Reeves, an extraordinary train wreck, a collision between our metabolisms, which continue to produce insulin at a rate of a few more units per second, and our bodies, which are now mostly fat. We are consuming more food than we can burn, and we are consuming more food than we can burn. So how bad could this diabetes thing get? The way things are going in another twenty years, many old diabeteses may pass heart disease and cancer as commoner ailments. And with that, and more diabetes-related complications and younger variants, we will soon have a new class of disabled citizens: young adults who are slowly going blind or becoming crippled. The way of it is almost laughable. Even as medical science is conquering cancer and heart disease, Alzheimer's and alcoholism, even the common cold, what will be left to go off in our own food?



1. We dream about ex-boyfriends and George Clooney. Never about husbands and current boyfriends.

2. Bill Clinton is sexy because of, not despite, the size of his nose.

3. We never wear party lines. It is a conspiracy on the part of the male advertising industry that the first thing we do in the mornings is suck a fat wad of tissue paper in our underwear.

4. We like being wrestled.

5. It's our turn to read the news section. First, you can provide the arts.

6. "Hallel and you doing later?" is not romantic. "Pack your bag and bring your passport" is.

7. We switch off our cell phones because we don't want to be conflicted. Yes, sometimes we just want to be alone.

8. Just because you sweat doesn't mean you should abuse yourself in a hot tub. Sweet is sexy. Perfumed skin is not.

9. The anticipation is sometimes better than the reality. Don't ruin it. A word of advice: *loser*.

10. Some of us actually prefer you to cuss.

JEMIMA HUNT is the author of *Notes From Liza and The 100 Arrows*. She lives in London.

NEVER MORE: WHEN YOU KNOW ABOUT WOMEN, YOU KNOW ABOUT MEN.



CORNELIANI  
*Corneliani*

BERGDORF GOODMAN - NEIMAN MARCUS - SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



CORNELIANI  
*Corneliani*

BERGDORF GOODMAN - NEIMAN MARCUS - SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



WHAT STYLE SENSE LURKS  
IN THE HEARTS OF MEN  
(PAGE 130), WHERE THE

BEST WOOL SUITS COME FROM (PAGE  
134), AND WHAT'S GONE WRONG  
WITH STYLE IN THE MOVIES (PAGE 140)



## The **SECRETS** of Style

Bad taste weeps around every corner—but never fear! Esquire comes to the rescue with tips, trends, and the stories behind the styles of our times.



**More Things a Man Should Know About Style:** 1. No jeans or bow ties unless you're older than 45. 2. No shirts, pants, or ties that are wrinkled or wearing streaks unless you're older than 40. 3. Baseball caps should be worn only when tracking a fly ball into left-center. 4. No more than one tie per outfit.

## Secrets of Style

>>>>



points," says Dimes. "He has my credit card on file—I don't have to worry about paying—and the moment he sees me, he will show me fifteen things, fourteen of which I will instantly want to buy." With a schedule that affords her little time for browsing, Dimes is lured into shopping by the clandestine letters sent to her home. Upon his arrival at the store, a careful presentation of clothes is presented, based on notes from brief conversations about his lifestyle and interests.

But at 36, a cool-headed Austin housewife at the Ralph Lauren boutique in Beverly Hills, who easily knows how to handle him, "she will present me with something that will fit me perfectly," says Dimes. "And as I try it on in front of the mirror, she stands behind me and gets a satisfied look on her face which, I assure, not many women in my line have had."

**CASE STUDY: BILL BAFFER, WASHINGTON, D.C.:**  
Expensive style info. Also bought \$1,000 suits and told his wife at the time they were left over from his bachelor days.

In the end, it's no wonder the wives and girlfriends are left as left as bats. How can we even begin to compete? "It's being swept off his feet, and trying to be the winner of none," says a bearded Claude Ruyton, Dimes's fiancée. "Do you need it? Do you really think you'll wear it?" I keep asking him. Because (the salespeople) are in the role of housewife. I end up playing the penny-saving wife at home."

It's hard to know I'm not the only one

**Beauty is only skin-deep. "Best Premium Sports Car In Initial Quality" is to the bone.**

For the second consecutive year, the Chevrolet® Corvette® has shown it's more than just another pretty face. That's because according to J.D. Power and Associates, Chevrolet Corvette has been ranked the "Best Premium Sports Car in Initial Quality Two Years in a Row." It's

all part of what makes the Corvette a sports car that rivals the world's best in performance, handling and quality engineering. [corvette.com](http://corvette.com)



©2000 GM Corp. All rights reserved. Chevrolet and Corvette are registered trademarks of GM Corp. in the U.S. and other countries. J.D. Power and Associates is a registered trademark of J.D. Power and Associates, Inc. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

CHEVROLET CORVETTE

► **More Things a Man Should Know About Style:** Fabrics that travel denim, crepe, tweed, polyester. Fabrics for hot days, cotton, linen, spandex. Concerning underwear: No undergarments if you're under 30 and your residence is not immediately adjacent to the county courthouse. ► **Style:** Argyle anything is brought with pride.

## Secrets of Style



## #2: My Life As a Sheep—the Secret of the World's Best Wool

There's a new fabric that's as fine as cashmere but has nothing to do with collecting the chin hair of mountain goats. It's called wool—you've heard of it? **By Ted Allen**

**H**IS A SHEEP? Well, so is he, the grand champion who runs that store at the world's great wool show in Perth, and he is named Shiver. Or is he? Or is that sheep an overly sheepy-sheeped sheep? (To me, mind, it's kind of unclear. He has devoted himself to the softest and most profitable representation of the world of wool: the ruddy-faced farmer in bumblerock Amerside, New South Wales, Australia, doing his bit for the ag economy in this, the superlative sheep capital of the world. Think of it like you go to a bar to hear a horned described to be "superfine"—sounds like something like a night call in the dark—but this rascally guy

among kilograms has a small it. Just moments before, he stood serenely in a pristine pen before his flock, wearing a red and white wool-blend shirt that preformed his horned and wavy, his statue in a chaguan, with a sheep on the order of twelve large in his arms. And this is the David to go. He's been dragged by the fleecy onto his own in a sweltering barn and dumped on the back of a lady dog of an Australian woman who they call there that named Owen Kline, who then goes to the business of reducing the beast's circumference by a couple of inches, using a pair of clippers. Adding meat to injury, the first skin freshly exposed to the breeze is that of the creature's enormous, big as a child's head. (And what with the speed involved when a man shears 100 animals a day, this is an impossible feat.)



Share Moments. Share Life.™



**JENNA HEARING** *Senior, East High School*  
**SHARON WITH** *Senior, East High School*  
**STACY** *Senior, East High School*  
**JUST HAVING FUN.**



**Capture what matters in timeless Black & White.**  
Use it in any camera. Process it anywhere. Kodak Black & White film lets you focus on what's important, so you can turn any picture into a timeless moment.

Kodak  
Black & White

©2004 Kodak. All rights reserved. Kodak is a trademark of Eastman Kodak Company.









### #3: The Clothes Are Making the Movies

They're still styling in the movies. Trouble is that the look is usually grotesquely inappropriate to the character wearing it. **By Chris Mitchell**

**T**HE MOVIES used to teach us how to dress. No cop, no American hero, ever dressed like Steve McQueen—turtlenecks under leather jackets—before Bullitt. Clothes were once a way of expressing character. In *It Happened One Night*, Clark Gable was the kind of man who didn't wear a T-shirt. Humphrey Bogart became the character he played to such a degree that in



**LEFT** THE STYLING OF *THE MAN WITH NO NAME* (1975) was a pioneering **ARND** job. Their concept: dressing a virtually anonymous villain in a T-shirt.

**RIGHT** *NEVER* was a failure, as far as it goes. James Bond's wardrobe choices were a little off, but he still got on in those pants. Not much to be said.

real life, he would wear a suit to get his hair cut.

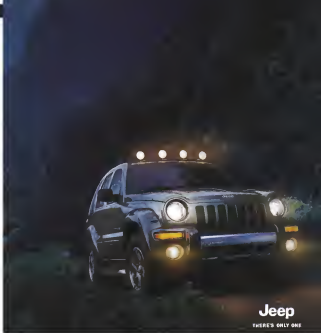
The dirty secret of movies these days is that, in the name of style, costume-piece filmmakers are letting the clothes make the movies. Every film is now a costume drama—not talcoats and ties, but designer suits and designer jackets that are making less film in the least appropriate of ways.

The film of the last few decades most responsible for the current state of men's wardrobe is Paul Schrader's 1975 movie *Gyckle*, a picture that served as a catalog for Giorgio Armani's 1982 collection. Rod and Gene's up-from-the-poor man—he was almost exclusively confined to Miller Club, an expansion of character that made perfect sense. But finally, the impulse to dress a character as

only the most expensive of available fabrics seems to have left few costume designers and filmdom.

You can witness either of the Men in Black movies without wondering what exactly that fellow in that suit is doing, even being as beautifully as Jay and King. But you know they aren't buying it in a civil servant's pay. (The suits were custom-made for the film.) James goes for the peace protesters in any *Jerry Bruckheimer* movie. Watching the CIA agents in *Twister* pull the same of a beachowner movie was off a lot for me. —Rod Company, we understand why the Post Office has to raise its rates so often. Somebody's got to pay for all those \$2,000 suits worn by Anchovy Haglins. Not to mention

BECAUSE THERE ARE NO STREETLIGHTS  
BETWEEN PATAGONIA AND MACHU PICCHU.



**INTRODUCING JEEP LIBERTY RENEGADE.** Out here, streetlights and blacktop highways are few and far between. That's why Jeep Liberty Renegade is equipped with a powerful offroad light bar\* and Command-Trac™ four-wheel drive. So you can leave the civilized world behind any time—day or night. For more info, call 1-800-826-JEEP or visit jeep.com.

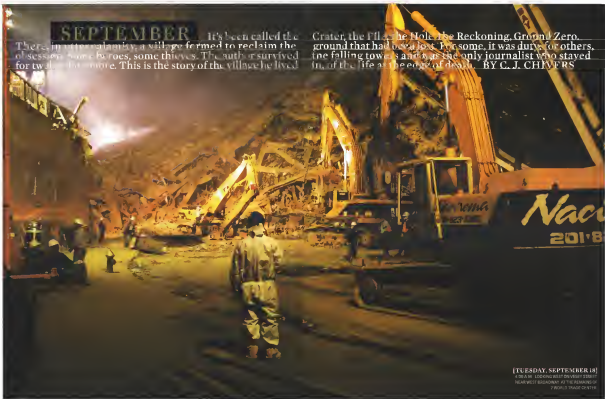
\*Light bar is intended for use only where outside road use. Renegade does not have a light bar. \*\*Command-Trac is a registered trademark of DaimlerChrysler.



## SEPTEMBER

It's been called the There, in utter calamity, a village formed to reclaim the obsession: some heroes, some thieves. The author survived for two days, but more. This is the story of the village he lived

Crater, the Fill, the Hole, the Reckoning, Ground Zero, ground that had been lost. For some, it was duty; for others, the falling towers and was the only journalist who stayed in, of the life at the edge of death. BY C. J. CHIVERS



[TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18]

A DEAD END LOOKING SOUTHWEST FROM THE STREET  
NEAR WEST BROADWAY AT THE REMAINS OF  
7 WORLD TRADE CENTER

SEPTEMBER 13

[Thursday, 8:00 P.M.] There was no place clean to sit. The men stumbled in from the darkness by the dozen and wandered through the food line, drooping to eat among the rotting garbage near the rubble's edge. The site had become a blur, with too much to do and not enough people to do it. The latest searches had been fruitless. Fresh supplies were stacking up. Cases of water blocked the walkways

and the doors. In spots the floor was strewn in yellow ash. Tables were covered with greasy paper plates, crumpled napkins, dead wasp legs, plastic spoons and forks, empty soda cans, discarded paper cups, and broken glass. Ground Zero proper was a smoldering pile of rain-bald buildings in gray light, with smoke still pulsing upward and crows crowing over its side. But just yards away from its others, the scene had become something in an antechamber, a densely populated place with no system for cleaning up, hardly any system for fire-fighting, and every flat surface—the sides of chairs, the stairs, the tables, windowsills, the hoods of cars, the bumpers of trucks—holding trash. Trash had become the most common sight at the edges of the pile.

If the expense of Thursday had been nothing but animal survival and human grief, the experience of Thursday was not of finding a place in this new razed world. Some of the Red Rednecks had been pushing a yellow plastic cart through our usually conflicting alley that they took from the shambled lobby of the American Hospital building, but in a building without plumbing, it made little sense to have the same people pushing a cart through the rubble. I was not a volunteer, but I was thought about it. I was here to work as a volunteer and to help however I could, satisfying the same urge to participate, to do something that had propelled others to the rubble. I was also here to work as a newspaper reporter for *The New York Times*, observing and recording and relaying information to writers in the on-scene offices. This job had been made particularly difficult not just because of the magnitude of the destruction and the dangers of the rubble but also because I knew Rudolph W. Giuliani had decided to restrict writers and photographers from access to the area. The restrictions were severe—almost absolute. I was not to be there without a pass, and I was to be on my own, in which case the work would remain the same: observations noted. It was Grand Street or anywhere, and we had to find a way to get out and to try to record as much of that place as we could.

Garbage was the job no one wanted, and so there was little chance of anyone taking it away. I found the cart and began to push it through the lobby, picking up the loose trash as I made my way.

Immediately I belonged. Every few yards someone would say *nae*—*Hey, are you atop by our truck?* We've got some mazy shat over there. *Hey, buddy hold up, let me clamp this*—and the police would me from place to place. The cart held several hundred pounds. It would fill up every half-hour with what I learned was an *owala* tossed in as they walked by. Each day

the garbage brimmed over the top, I would push it a block north to the curb on Vesey Street and dump it, far away from the food and rest areas, in a few hours the pile was three high and twenty feet across. I am not a large man, nor am I particularly strong, and at times the can would become overwhelmed and sweltering and a firefighter or a construction worker would help me lift and tip it. "Get me that, brother!" or "That's a big load, man, you need more duffles."

My first forays were short—to the morgue, to the command post, to the food area, that was all. I also made a point of cleaning up around the police officers on post, using a snow shovel to push aside the refuse at their feet and then cleaning it up.

"Thanks, buddy," a young cop said to me, and then, apparently assuming that anyone who had a garbage cart must have an official key to be asked where he could find a new pair of work gloves I told him where the supplies were, and he said he couldn't leave his post, so I trusted him a pair along with a cup of hot coffee and figured I would have an ally when they started to chase me out next.

Anders Breivik and I found, I found the fact manda really enjoying, offering a sense of nonviolence in a place, a feeling that almost completely there tonight. The attacks two days earlier had been a terrifying experience, and those of us who had been at the Trade Center that morning were confused and badly shaken. The rhythm of manual labor offered us escape not in work, a place to dispose of the fear, anger, and adrenaline in a productive way in a process of hope and a throwing of one's life. In their working and by being as the bodies left coming out, in processes of ghastly and dignified, allowed us to believe we were doing something proper, use better land or trash bag or above all of glass at one. We could move made the obstacles, we could lead the man with technical skills that were crawling inside the pit, we could make the final march alone. We had a volunteer fire, it is quiet, something, something as with a belief that the people are prepared to do something good, something really were going to do something good, that there will also a deeper, private trust. Ground Zero was a place where people could ask us the same old work and more of them, and here they were faithful to who who did not want to go home. Some police officers shot us even when their shots were not.

I thought of my own case. It was in many ways far easier to tag a rubble or hard truth than to be at work against it in the paper, where I would have had to interview, graft, elicit, and write, a process that would have required an understanding of what was happening that I did not possess.

Everywhere people went to their doors. In the American Express lobby, Daniel Cavallaro, a Stanford Law School student who had been a victim of a racist platform under the cover when the train pulled out, had moved restaurant kitchenware, bread, beer and meat, and arranged passing sandwiches on tables for police officers and firefighters passing by. He was a squarely built, five-foot-six, 160-lb. guy, with a friendly smile and a twinkle in a cowboy's no-top-of-his-head. An adult cartoon came, more people returned to his table, loved by food, coffee, as a chance to leave the gloom if the pile to the ceiling, the floor. Some who had been boisterous at the main table were impaled in the night, scurried about other buildings were left down or unharmed by the heavens and returned later. Confidence was gone, replaced by a sense that the pile was too large, and each man's influence on it so small, that there was no way

Between rounds with the trash I sat with a stewardess. She



**[SEPTEMBER 19] POLICE HOPKINS**  
THE SHOPPING AREA UNDER WORLD DRAFT ENTER, FIVE  
THE ANDERSON STORE

ing coffee. His eyes welled with tears. He was thinking about the awol. He was trembling, as if he might break. "They don't even need the dogs," he said. "You can find the bodies yourself."

I wandered away to refill his coffee, and as I stood in line at the food table, a doctor in scrubs tapped my arm. He was studying my eyes. "You okay?" he asked me. "You want to go?"

I must look as bad as the guy I'm sitting with, I thought. "Too good," I said, and the doctor moved on, checking the man down the line.

I returned with a coffee for the stressed-out He was cleaning his face with a blue bandanna, coughing. "The asbestos down here will kill you," he said, looking toward the first dust-causing pillar nearby. I shrugged. "What's the option? Leave?"

He nodded. All around in the crowd was stalled by raccoons that other skydivers were leaving and in danger of rambling. The teenagers had liquidated ambulances and utility trucks and were going to explode them at the site, that a subterranean remaining wall had cracked and the Hudson River was flowing underneath the pile and soon it was going to melt, that the tower's cooling system had relied on huge frozen tanks in the basements, and when water melted them, they would release poison gas, some nuclear trained hoses. The newsreader called out to

that the television news was reporting that a police officer trapped in the pile since Tuesday was calling his wife on his cell phone. "I was with a crowd of people waiting to be used

I grabbed a case of water and headed down to the command post, handing out bottles as I wandered through the thick formation of police officers who were staring at the pile. A battalion chief was at the tent, and after giving him a drink, I told him what we were hearing. The chief shook his head. "There's no such thing as bad cops going around," he said.

I called it to the paper—conflict with that one—but who really knows what was right or wrong? Ground Zero was a crossroads of steel, brass, and sunbrite, crisscrossed with passageways, a province of deep sleep and where no one seemed to change of mood. It was as if he could see or of anything further than his face might carry. All were in motion: huzzing, buzzing, hissing, welding, killing, shoving, coughing, rattling, each almost wholly unaware of others than he could experience himself. Who really could see who

was possible or not? How could you put them into categories: likely? not likely? unlikely? The World Trade Center was right there behind us as a joke. Didn't the impossible already occur?

**LIKE CASTELLANO.** Kevin McCrory remained at the site continuously and managed to transform himself into the leadpage. McCrory was staying with his father just down the street from the Twin Towers at Gateway Plaza, had heard flight 11 slam in two days before. Between the collapse and his thirty-one-year-old father, this had wandered outside with a Polaroid camera. McCrory had heard nothing of this since. (Later he would discover that his father—who as an army photographer had taken some of the first pictures of World Wars II—had been, he hoped, exempt from injury.) He passed the edge of the remains, a lot, roughly fifty three-year-old men, heading out west, grunting low sounds in the heavy place his neighborhood had become, using white masks. First he set up a food-and-water stand, then he crisscrossed the Hudson in St. Joseph's Chapel, near the Hudson River waterfront, where he staged all the supplies coming in and organs and volunteers to distribute clothing and tools to the workers as they arrived. In time he found an electric golf cart as a tour bus and began to wear riding about at will, through the gates, over the ramps at the hoses, around the live engines. McCrory became someone others sought for decisions, and from his base at the chapel, sometimes he found he was almost trailing a flock. On this day a volunteer brought him a young man who said he had just found a body under the rubble. A Coast Guard employee with a company identification card. The man wanted to talk. He had arranged the body neatly, he said, working it into a sleeping position. He continued on blankly: "I took his wallet and cell phone," he said.

McCrory glanced, looked at him. Then he drew a map and asked the man to mark where the body was. Around him, the men sat, working a spot near Liberty and Greenwich streets. "This is what needs to be done," McCrory said. "Give me the wallet and phone and I'll take it over to the morgue."

The man handed over the phone and said he had to return to work. He returned to the chapel later with a dark-colored car, his friend, Edgerton. McCrory, gently told it away and made and his face—a twenty-year-old perhaps, maybe a little older and he would say it was the wrong model or quality. "Can I go now?" the man asked. McCrory looked him over and watched him disappear into the crowd of hobbits and usage vests.

**BY FIVE MORNING,** wandering around, cleaning up, loose as far as we can reach, there had to be a better way than putting up dirty plates by the piece. Gate lines had begun to come out the food court across the way in the World Financial Center as a new place for his food tables, somewhere away from the one rhyming glass and drifting smoke from the pile, and I followed. The food court was a long, bright stream with a creamily patterned white floor and brass railings over the dining area of several restaurants, which had become food, with a place full of rotting food. It took allowed me to clean them and retrieve trash back to special throughout the zone. Some men were set up at the command post, the morgue, in the quiet corners where the firefighters sleep, by the white trucks and police trailers and one directly in front of each of guards.

By noon, Ground Zero had divided into three. The police had their guard posts and command posts, the firefighters had their own and their trucks. The medical centers

had clustered open around their morgues, the doctors had set up triage centers and were guarding against snow-covered by people stacking supplies and serving food. People were tired and wanted space, and while strangers at tables were not welcome, everybody wanted their space close. I wrote almost on a white construction board with an indelible pen, right next to 11:00: 11-04, and started to make the rounds.

Repeating at night, I grabbed the big yellow cart from car to car, making a loop, turning the cart, making faces while logging track. The world was necessary for information from the place, and the paper was eager for any word at all. Some questions were obvious: *What are our next steps?* And the black boxes from the jetliners being found? *What are the best ways to communicate around up in the rubble?* Others were small bits of information, but helpful to everyone: *What are the names of the construction companies at the site?* *What do the engineers say about the stability of buildings near the Center?* *How polluted is this air?*

A few were easy. Like taking down the phone numbers on the sides of construction company vehicles. Some were harder. A volunteer set a supply table just next to a big roll of trash bags and some duct tape with which I could hang trash bags everywhere—free to use parking meters, the sides of Port-a-Johns, the edges of the tables where the workers clustered to eat. I had a bag to a fence beside where a survey crew was taking measurements and watching one Liberty Plaza, a fifty-five-story skyscraper that was said to be leaning.

"She's the building lady?" I asked the man as I loaded their trash into my cart.

"Good," he said. "It's leaning."

"We're here something for a day, and it hasn't shifted an inch," he said. "She's leaning fine."

(Okay, I thought, that one's probably safe, but what about the others? And I set out to put trash bags beside all of the survey points and talk with each crew.)

The route was a walk through endless lights and one construction conversations into a world populated by white trucks, men, dog handlers, medical engineers turned rescue workers, firefighters, bagging and water, volunteer firefighters from upstairs alongside the full-time boys from the boroughs, sweeping carts, mowing, artists, chaplains, emergency-room staff with volunteer surgeons do opposite work on the city's eyes, exhausted fire chiefs with caps of warning lights and black stars, FBI agents to search for and bring gloves, plumes of poison gases carrying their, students of the state apartment buildings returning to class and in a dead place.

On one walk across the waterfront, carrying a row of trash barrels, I stumbled onto a friend who works as a police officer—series truck, for New York equivalent of a SWAT team. We had seen each other the first night as the fire and smoke, but not since, and now he begged, each glad to see the other again. He told me who was missing, who had been found, and about the state of mind of the men. He knew reporters were not allowed at the site, but he was invited by the bosses, who often took officers from the work of the state and life and medical police officers from speaking to the public. He wanted the cops' work back soon, and he wanted someone who was willing to work—contingents, lifting food, cleaning up, hauling trash—to remain in place.

"Stay as long as you can," he said to me. "The safe."

A victim after midnight Thursday had raised up my much of the site and when the sun rose on Friday, the area near the pile



had a closer look. But in the pile itself, where items were piled and skipped through a three-dimensional maze of steel, the waterlogged ash became a track that seeped and dropped, coating everyone with a film like wet cement. At breakfast a shift of equipment operators and shovelers here across a dozen construction food tables in heavy coveralls and sweatbands and went to search of a dry place to sit. Their work took them around the corner, under a scaffolded stepped base, and into the dining area at John's Pub Grill, a restaurant that had served the builders and brokers again. They sat in booths under framed black-and-white pictures of female cops and men from 1 followed them in and sat up a few trash cans.

In the afternoon, all the trapped fish were dead. One worker pressed his face against the glass. His eyes brightened. "Somebody call animal control!" He howled, his cap, and turned with the same bright eyes to turn the empty restaurant. Another old look a cooler door. "Look at that!" he shouted. Two hundred beautiful barrels of paint.

The liquor was all gone. Firefighters and police officers had drunk at the first night. But they had not finished the beer and a breakfast party began. Bunkers spread quickly, found over time. The crew pulled up more. The place filled up in minutes.

**[SEPTEMBER 19]** JOHN'S PUB GRILL, 110 WEST 11TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, AND THE PILE OF RUBBLE SOUTH OF THE TWIN TOWERS. COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK CITY FIRE DEPARTMENT.

some. Police officers and firefighters worked down and made free coffee for free beer. Within an hour the crowd was a hundred strong, with groups clustered at tables, lighting one another's cigarettes. The clink of bottles and the sound of laughter could be heard up and down the hall. One day it had been John's Pub Grill, ready to staff for a Sunday lunch, now it was a gathering on the way to the morgue.

It lasted almost two hours, until a police captain walked through and closed it down, almost apologizing as he did. His officers cleared the crowd. "Move along, guys," they said. "Pat 'em down and move along."

The police set an armed guard there, but John's Pub Grill was not just an abandoned restaurant, it was a legend, and workers would approach it throughout the day, sitting at the table's remains with lugging, until the guards warned them off—further about it, finally, it's closed—and they went back out to the rubble and the dead.







[OCTOBER 22]



[SEPTEMBER 13]



[SEPTEMBER 13]

[SEPTEMBER 19]







A full-length black and white photograph of a man with a beard and short dark hair, wearing a dark suit jacket over a light-colored shirt. He is standing with his hands in his pockets, looking directly at the camera.

# PORTRAIT OF THE ACTOR AS 2 MEN

A PROFILE IN THE FORM OF 2 INTERVIEWS, FROM WHICH  
THE INTERVIEWER HAS DRAWN CERTAIN CONCLUSIONS  
ABOUT ... MALE PERFORMERS, NAMED EDWARD AND ...

A high-contrast, close-up black and white photograph of the same man's face. He is looking upwards and to the right with a slight smile. The lighting is dramatic, with deep shadows on the right side of his face.

...UH, RALPH









**Philip Asner and Anton Bragmet in the Kirov Museum** Sergei Kirov was Stalin's right-hand man to the presidency and his assassination in 1934, which was probably ordered by his paranoid, cold-blooded mentor, was a political act. Kirov now serves as a muse and reminder of the past—full of leather furniture and ornate rugs—a reminder of the remarkably bourgeois lifestyle enjoyed by party leaders. This photo: Double-breasted wool coat with leather fur lining and wool vest and trousers (part of suit) by Gianni Versace; shirt by Dolce & Gabbana; cufflinks by Dior; watch by Cartier; shoes by Versace. Photo: Dainoff







Spot Illustration and Spot Lettering at the Johnson-Warren Factory  
 The Johnson-Warren Factory, located in the heart of the city, is a large, modern building with a glass facade. The spot illustration and spot lettering are done by the Johnson-Warren Factory, which is a leading manufacturer of spot illustrations and spot lettering. The factory is located in the heart of the city, and it is a leading manufacturer of spot illustrations and spot lettering. The factory is located in the heart of the city, and it is a leading manufacturer of spot illustrations and spot lettering.

[illegible]





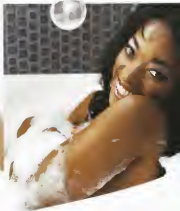


A  
Woman  
We LOVE

Here  
Comes

Kellita!

Meet Ms.  
Kellita Smith,  
the number  
one reason we  
never miss  
the *Bernie  
Mac Show*





god help Kellita Smith. Don't get us wrong—the woman's blessed, what with her gig as Bernie's wife, Wanda, on *Bernie Mac*. No, our call for divine intervention is more about helping her avoid the doomed fate of her predecessors, all those hardworking actresses who played straight women to the comic hijinks of their male costars only to vanish forever upon cancellation. Whatever happened to Joyce DeWitt? Pam Dawber? Marcia Strassman?\*

Precedent aside, though, we're betting Kellita's got what it takes to survive post-Bernie. Her character couldn't be more corporate—Wanda's a middle manager who somehow keeps Mr. Mac and the kids from burning the house down—and yet she still manages to smolder. (It's the hip shake; more on that in a moment.) Plus, Kellita's got range. Bernie's charm is no match for her brown-eyed glare, but that purr she gives him when he's been a good boy? Well, we could go on and on. Let's just say that when Bernie had the flu and Kellita massaged his chest with VapoRub, we fell in love. For good.

—CHRISTOPHER BEREND

**Esquire** Wanda's a suit, and she dresses like one. But I've heard you're always trying to get away with wearing skunkier outfits than the producers like. That's fact?

**Kellita Smith** Yeah, honey. I work out. I gotta show that off. And I like to be female. I like the sensuality of it, and I like dressing it up. You can go conservative. You can go sexy. It's all part of being a woman and being in touch with who you are. **ESQ** It shows in your walk.

**KS** I'm really not conscious of my walk, but the camera always seems to pick it up. I often leave the room during a scene, and they figure that as a chance to catch that part of me. It has something to do with carrying these hips and this butt. You gotta shift it. They throw me on the set all the time.

**ESQ** Can we talk about that VapoRub scene?

**KS** I don't remember too much about it—except that it was kind of grossy. Luckily, we did that scene in one take. It wasn't weird, though. Bernie makes everything fun.

**ESQ** Wanda seems like every guy's dream. Still, she and she brings me the bacon.

**KS** Yeah, but she doesn't put it in the pan. She makes Bernie get off his lazy butt.

**ESQ** Are you the same way?

**KS** Pretty much. I'm also a sports babe, which I guess most guys would like.

**ESQ** Are you going to take the new that you live it, A.?

**KS** (Laughs) Sure. But I really like my Adam. He's a soccer. And Steve Francis. I like the Tracy McGrady. They're such complete players, and they're consistent—unlike players like Stephen Marbury or Jermaine. And I've got to give props to my childhood buddy Penny Peyton.

**ESQ** You grew up with the Devil?

**KS** Yeah, he and I grew up in the same neighborhood in Oak Lane. He's always been consistent, he's just on a sudy here everybody's talking about him going to New York a couple seasons ago, but believe it or not, he was trying to get to SoCal with me. That would have been hot.

**ESQ** You made some appearances on Martin earlier in your career, and now you're in *Archie*. What's the hardest thing about working opposite him?

**KS** The trick is to stay grounded. If Bernie is making it, he can go off on a tangent, so I have to remember to stay focused. It's the improvised stuff they always end up using.

**ESQ** Sounds like you've been earning your check these days. Have you been treating yourself nice?

**KS** The first thing I did was get out of debt. Then I went and bought a truck. I had a list in Volkswagen's kitchen for about seven years. I needed some respect on the road, you know. So I just the little baby Land Rover. People aren't pappin' in from on me no more these days. Boy, look out. (She collapses.)

★ *Joan (Diner's Company)*, *Mindy (Mindy a Mind)*, and *Jake (Whisper Book, Series)*, respectively.



The  
Final  
Days  
of Gary  
Condit  
What  
a public  
man  
sees  
just  
before  
he dies  
By  
Mike  
Sager

Photographs by Larry Soltan

FOUR PEOPLE IN A WHITE DODGE DURANGO, waiting by the side of a country road. It was five-thirty in the evening on the first Monday in March, on a slanted orchard on the outskirts of Modesto, California. The sun hung low over the distant mountains, illuminating the clouds, casting golden light across the flat, fertile valley. In thirteen hours or so, the police would be opening the boxes of the 10th Congressional District would finally have their say. A flurry of white blossoms danced in the air, collected on the windshield like snowflakes.

The engine idled. They played on the radio. A succession of vehicles disappeared past, whizzing down the dark-lane, kicking up dust and blossoms. A new one—a microwave truck—was a miniature ice-cream truck, belching diesel, ammonia, dish detergent and soap.

"There goes CNN," said Gary Condit. He was sitting in the shotgun seat of the Durango, his perennial suntan, tangled hair and buck-toothed smile in perfect order around his head. His thick eyebrows were trimmed to a stubble. His oval-shaped blue eyes, once known for their Gandhi twinkle, now forever remembered for their deer-in-the-headlights glare. "I have not been a perfect man," he'd whispered. That he had not and more had been his ending.

"There goes ABC," said Condit's Condit, sitting behind Gary,

pointing to a Chevy Suburban. Twenty-one years old, doesn't even see she has the same blue eyes as her father when she calls Gary or Gar or someone to the Congressmen, but almost never Condit, at least not in public. A former high school cheerleader, deceptively quiet, she was most recently employed as the personal scheduler for Gary Davis, the governor of California, having worked her way up from the mail room to his senior office. Since last August, she'd been living in the modest ranch on Acorn Lane where she grew up, sharing the place with her parents, her older brother, Chad, and his wife and three boys—three generations of Condit's once one roof, with Gary's parents only a few blocks away. The weapons were mixed. It was a family compound, just like the old days.

Condit looked out the window. Long ago, when Gary was just a fledgling state legislator, he used to bring Condit with him to Sacramento. She'd wander the hallways of the Capitol with her business card pinned to her shirt. At lunchtime, they'd sneak up a back staircase to the domed roof and share a peanut-butter sandwich. Through the years, as secret dreams, Condit had pictured Gary one day meeting her president. Never had she imagined anything like this. She tucked in a smug string of flowers behind her ear, and then her hand came to rest on the gold coin nestled in the clasp of her collar. Gary at his God, her Jesus? Always preached. Told your pain and your sorrow and glad to be dead.

Another seven-year wheeled past. It was fitted with a telescoping crane! tower, a microwave transmitter. "There you

Chandra 12," announced Mike Dayton, the wheelerman.

The son of a pharmacist and garden-variety farmer, Dayton was born in an early Dodge, known hereabouts as the Cowboy Capital of the World. He first met Gary and Chad when he was sixteen, at a charity golf outing. Later, having wound out of college, Dayton volunteered to work on Gary's first U.S. congressional campaign, a special election to replace the previous officeholder. They worked, a son-of-a-bitch Democrat and a young whippersnapper following a path he'd never second.

Thirty-six, with two big years of service under his belt, Dayton is the legislative director of Gary's Washington office. Laidly and respectfully, he commutes by bicycle from his home in Virginia to his office on Capitol Hill. Last summer, he was often seen in television with megaphones in his face, issuing firm dispatch. Another Chevy Suburban whizzed past, followed by another one. "There goes Fox," Dayton said graciously. "Looks like we're in for another cheerleader."

What did a double take. She gave a look of mock horror. "What did you say, Dayton?"

"Cheer what?" asked Gary. Dayton spluttered, a bit embarrassed, a bit indignant, and everyone dissolved into giggles, great pushes of awkward laughter that echoed around the inside of the truck, then slowly died, giving way again to silence, to the song on the radio. Wesley and Willie. Dayton tapped his fingers on the steering wheel. Gary went along under his breath. Condit pulled her

mile, good-natured quality about him. Easy to laugh, easy to smile, charming, almost mischievous. He recited his eulogy encouragingly on Dayton's shoulder.

"Why don't you tell it?" said Dayton. Gary shrugged and twisted his body around a bit to face his audience. He was dressed in faded jeans, a flannel shirt, and a scuffed pair of brown leather slip-on boots, a crust of mud on one heel. His hands—permanently pale, covered in comparison with his slight, half-finger—were clasped properly at his lap. The skin and meat along the top of his thumb and index finger were bitten and chapped. It looked raw and painful.

"The first time the media really stalked out my condo—this was in D.C., right in the beginning—I mean, there were like thirty or forty of them. It was awful, awful, and they were all trying to stuff in those damn chairs like they do when they strike you out. And I had to get out of there. I had to get to Capitol Hill and go vote."

"So I called up Dayton and I said, 'Pick me up at three, let drive the Escort.' See, he used to have this little Escort, and then he got an old truck and a guy at the office took over the Escort, and it was sort of weird around since then. It's about a ten-year-old car, right?"

"Yes," said Dayton. "It's been faded to a brown color. You know how they get."

"Oh-huh," said Gary. "So he pulls up right in front of my apartment in the District, and he just sits there. And the whole

**"Your problem is not that people think you killed Chandra Levy," a friend told him. "It's that people think you're a fuckin' jerk."**

GARY HAZARDING WITH CASEY AND CHAD



cell phone from her Louis Vuitton handbag, checked to see if she was still in range. Chad was still at the car at any moment. He was headed that way on Aunt Lauren's '64 Coupe DeVille.

Their final destination was a few more miles down the road, a small local television station. KAZN, owned by a man named Anetved, had acquired a converted farmhouse in the middle of a vine-staked orchard; the channel was not available in the local cable lineup—something Gary had been trying to help correct. As a favor to his old friend, Gary had committed to this appearance, a satellite interview with the host of a regular neighborhood farm show called *It's My Move*.

And this, of course, was the reason for the parade of news trucks down this lonely stretch of Iowa Avenue. On the night before the Democratic primary, with Gary facing a crowded field of challengers, the international press corps had once again descended upon the Central Valley. The appearance at KAZN was tonight's most likely media get Gary Condit on the eve of judgment day.

Time dragged. More trucks and vans rushed past. At length, the fourth occupant of the Durango spoke up. "What's your favorite story about the press?" I asked.

"Dayton here probably has no good stories at anybody," Gary offered.

"I don't know..." Dayton said modestly. "How about the red car?" prompted Gary. There is a han-

gman's just sitting there on their lawn chairs not doing much— and then all of a sudden, I open the door of the car and come walking out. I go into the Escort. We pull away... And you would think they would say Gary and Chad. They were crazy! They were stopping all over each other, falling down, peeing and screaming. I wish somebody had been filming that! He slipped his thigh, threw his head back. *Ham-Ann-Ann!*

"That was the greatest!" Dayton enthused. He tapped out a drumroll on the steering wheel.

They sat for a moment, and then Dayton took a serious tone. "I always wonder. What do they think you're going to say anyway? But almost a year since the disappearance of Chandra Ann Levy, Gary and his family and his staff had been subjected to intense public scrutiny, to say the least. They'd been hauled by the press, stalked out at home and at work, followed at their cars, photographed while sunbathing in the backyard. They'd been interrogated by the police and the FBI. They'd had to hire lawyers. Gary had submitted a DNA sample, had taken a polygraph test. They'd received hate mail and credible death threats. They'd turned on the television at any time of the day or night to hear people who'd never even met Gary calling him a liar, an adulterer, a pervert, a hypocrite, an adulterer... even a cold-blooded murderer."

"I know what they want me to say," Gary countered. He turned his head, looked out the window—now upon rows of al-



# "Connie Chung became President Putin to me," he says. "She wasn't getting anything out of me; she wasn't going to break me, no way."

moist trees, evenly spaced, dark and spindly branches covered with fine white blossoms. He runs his right hand through his thick, bristly hair. He speaks quietly. "They want me to say that I did her."

A medical officer filed the records. They turned back to read the charts.

"Was gonna do it," he said, his voice rising in volume. His face rearranging itself into a comic mask, a send-up of an old shot from *Saturday Night Live*—a then-topped, nasal, rickety-eyed impersonation of former president George H. W. Bush.

"Not gonna do it?" said Gary Condit. "Not gonna do it?"

**THE ASK MORE INTERVIEW** having concluded without incident—the officials host having the questions to politics and policy—Gary and his party collected themselves inside the KARN studio.

"That did good," Chad said to his father. He is a bit taller than Gary with the same build but athletic frame, the same flat, belted, a slightly different kind of gentle teasing, a measure of deference to Mommy.

"Did good," Chad agreed.

Gary smiled warmly. "I felt pretty good."

"Too ready?" asked Chad. He had the tight look of a cartoonist, working a wad of gum.

Gary nodded. "Get on this over with," he said. His Adam's apple bobbed.

"How many you think are out there?" Dayton asked.

"Fifty?" Chad ventured. "I don't know, maybe seventy-five—"

Chad was sporting day-old stubble, a leather jacket, and his Nike slip-on shoes, at times he is known to wear a nylon do-rag and heavy hoop earring, a prelude to his shows with his sons. Chad was married at twenty-one to a half-Mexican, half-Italian named Helen, the prettiest girl at Coves High. A Navy veteran, he joined during the Gulf war in a fit of patriotism without telling his parents, a three-sport little-league coach, he'd worked for several years as a night security guard at a trailer park. People in the valley say Chad has his father's gift for connecting with people. Senior citizens find him respectful and cozy. Farmers find him funny. Businessmen find him comfortable as an expensive lunch. Even the media enjoyed his very scene of his met. His gum-chewing, wisecracking version of the Condit model—especially the fit, the smile, a grunted bit with whom he closely flounders.

Not very long ago, Chad, thirty-four, had been a young man with a bright future. He'd been working as a top aide to Gary Davis, the governor's main man in the Central Valley, \$100,000 a year plus benefits. Two months before Chandra Levy went missing, Chad had been tapped by state Democrats for his first try at political office—a run for the California General Assembly.

All of that was history now. The future was unobtainable. He was doing his best to live in the present—running his own page, dealing with the press, trying to salvage his father's career and his family's name—while living in a three-bedroom

rancher with seven other people and two large dogs, paying his bills out of the dwindling proceeds from the sale of his house. Private school wasn't cheap, but he knew better than to argue with Helen. Dark-eyed and olive-skinned, a stark contrast to the greasy and severe Connies, she does all the cooking in the extended family. They call her Super because she's so smart, the nickname bestowed by her mother-in-law, Carolyn Condit, the indisputable matriarch of the household.

"Okay, Gary," Chad said. "We're giving a short statement, then we'll take a few questions, then we're gonna have. We're stressing your experience, your record, your thirty years of public service."

"And remember to smile!" Connie said. She cocked her head and he smiled up at him—her own thousand-watt version of the Condit twinkle.

Fifty-four years old, Gary Adrian Condit has held public office since the year he graduated from college, working his way up the political ladder from city council to mayor to county board of supervisors to California General Assembly to the U.S. House of Representatives. He was born in Los Altos, California, the son of a Free Will Baptist minister, the grandson of a sharecropper. A mix of German, Irish, and American Indian, he is a registered member of the Cherokee nation. At thirteen, married to a Catholic girl from the better side of town, with an infant son born six months after their engagement, Gary came to California to attend junior college. Four years later, in 1971, while the other kids his age were ranching and buying draft cards, Gary was finishing his B.A. degree, sitting past in Montgomery Ward, going door to door on nights and weekends in the south town of Fresno, population eight thousand, wearing a short-sleeved business shirt and tie, mounting his first political campaign.

Over the years, in a heavily Republican district, Gary never lost an election. In 1994, in the November of Newt Gingrich's Republican revolution, with the Democrats taking heavy losses nationwide, Gary won his own seat with 60 percent of the vote. A savvy, effective, elbow-twisting inside player, he had a detailed command of the difficult issues important to his district—air and water, agriculture and trade, immigration and Social Security, veterans' affairs. Patterning much of a floor speech maker, he stepped behind the podium, he often found it so difficult to stand his ground. He never graduated to the leadership, choosing instead to emerge in his own path, the one that best suited the needs of his electorate. He passed people off sometimes, but they were mostly other politicians. Like the two in Sacramento when he and four other young legislators tried unsuccessfully to create a powerful White House from the inside ship, in the aftermath of the failed coup, Gary was stripped of all his committee assignments. But Gary's conspicuous in Sacramento actually played well among the voters: an example of his resolve to do right by them, regardless of personal political cost. Next election, they made him their congressman.

During his thirty years as an elected official—seven in the House—Gary became known for his fearless constraint: no service, a hands-on campaigner, a notorious cross-country con-



GANT



# GANT STORES

1001 W. 7th Avenue  
New York City  
Tel: 212-693-6170

27 WESTER STREET  
New York City  
Tel: 212-437-3810

641 FIFTH AVENUE  
New York City  
Tel: 212-693-6170

1001 W. 7th Avenue  
New York City  
Tel: 212-693-6170

1001 W. 7th Avenue  
New York City  
Tel: 212-693-6170

mate, he spent at least three days a week at home, where his family had chosen to remain after his election to Congress. He was beloved by his electorate, the residents of a conservative, racially and ethnically diverse urban district in the Central Valley of California, the place portrayed in the movie *American Gangster*. In real life they called it Good Country. You couldn't chase a person out without hurting someone, whom Gary or his family or staff had helped through a personal crisis.

In time, Gary became one of the most powerful men in California, even the nation. The second-ranking Democrat on the House Agriculture Committee, the leader of a conservative Democratic congressional coalition called the Blue Dogs, a close confidant of Governor Davis, considered for a spot in George W. Bush's Cabinet. On May 2, 2001, his hometown newspaper, the *Modesto Bee*, headed Gary for his bold bipartisan work with President Bush. "Other leaders could learn from his example," glowed its editorial.

Just about the time that piece was being written, in the early afternoon of May 3, Chandra Levy disappeared. Gary had met the twenty-four-year-old in Washington the previous October—a graduate student, an intern with the Federal Bureau of Prisons, a pretty and vivacious young woman from his district with a history of marijuana use in college, marijuana he has now carefully chosen words, he and Chandra "became very close." When pressed by *Newsweek*, in his first public interview on the matter, about a hundred days after Chandra's disappearance, Gary told a television audience of twenty-four million "We had a close relationship. I liked her very much."

Though D.C. authorities publicly chided Gary for waffling and a dated interview with police to admit the true nature of that relationship, they also and repeatedly that Gary was not a suspect in her disappearance. It should also be noted, for the record, that the notion of a link between Chandra and Gary was linked to the press by unnamed police sources following their first interview with Gary. For his part, Gary asserted, "I cannot recall every question that the law enforcement asked me."

No matter—the damage was done. There were countless articles, much to discomfiture by pundits, headless gossip among ordinary citizens. One by one, most of Gary's friends and colleagues from both parties deserted and deserted him. The *Modesto Bee* urged him not to run for another term. In a December debate—who many said saved his election to Gary—linked up and took a shot. Chad was informed of Davis's public statements by Larry King at the top of a live interview. The next day, Chad and Cadex resigned their jobs.

All the while, Gary maintained a stoic, public silence, refusing to disclose any details of his relations with Chandra. Levy the estranged reportedly that he was taking what he believed to be the proper legal and moral steps—posting a reward, telling the authorities what he knew, asking forgiveness from his God and his family (though he would not reveal for what), carrying on with his duties as a lawmaker, paying for Chandra every night. It was not his obligation to embarrass himself to the press, he insisted. The media was not his father confessor. His own father, the Reverend Adnan Gant, concurred: "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone." he told a radio audience, reliving the story of Jesus, the prostitute, and the mob.

But the longer Gary kept silent, the worse it became. Short cut, the media fed siege. Inside the castle, desperation led to

bad decisions, more trouble. A flight instructor surfaced, and then a hastily discarded watch box, a couple of nearly famous students, a special moving machine that played musical music, a well-lit of hand runners—leather chaps and a studded harness, located in closets under the bed. And above riders, Shelli Angeli, a possible pregnancy. In short order, a man who was once seen as the ideal grassroots legislator, a true man of the people—the man you could call to get a pet-brother fixed, your worst problems one he might clean up, your last Vix check reissued—that man was no more. He had become instead the nation's most reviled figure.

Now Chad stepped out the door of the RACV studio. Gary and his entourage stepped outside.

Immediately, spontaneously, silently... they were enveloped by the press. Wielding microphones and metal sound boxes with furry covers, whining motor drives with astroscopic flashes and pulsed telephoto lenses, shoulder-mounted video-cams and handheld microphones roared, the old pad and pen reporters nibbled the Gant's party like so many warm blood cells attacking a microorganism, sucking and sucking and pushing, shoving hysterically, for they were hungry and tired, they'd been standing in the chill of the almost dead and the heat of the sun, going the other way, looking at their watches, wondering if their deadlines were ending something from Gary, some useful footage, some live quotes, some tasty new material they could carry home and drop at the feet of their editors, who in turn would feed it to the masses. "Gary! Congressional! Mr. Gant?" "Could you stand back?" Chad pleaded.

Deyan gripped his teeth and leaped against the newspaper, doing his best to clear a lane, fighting his *Outside* instinct to swing his elbows. Cadex held firmly onto the crook of her father's arm as they were tossed by the crowd like castaways on a leaky lifeboat in a storm, a perfect storm, the perfect storm they needed power and murder and mystery to fuel it. In a word, he had these words. You never knew to respect. In the back of her mind, she always imagined a crazy man lurking in the not-there place, a crazy man with a gun. Gary held his ground the best he could, trying to maintain his composure, his balance. In his blue eyes—a beautiful shade of blue, really, the blue of a seagull's wings—blue he could see—you could see that familiar look, that combination of fire and placid, of the darkness and determination that drove the headlights glare held above to Conan Chang.

People who use that interview, people who knew Gary, his friends said that the man who'd appeared on TV that night was not the Gary Gant they knew. In fact, Gary did the interview against his better instincts, his instincts put him up to it, he says. They'd figured he'd get in front of the cameras and be moved to say a little more than he wanted to, maybe how to public pressure and admit some kind of fault, ask for some kind of forgiveness. If he did, they'd figured maybe it would take some of the heat off. If he admitted to being an adulterer, maybe the press and public would be less inclined to think the unthinkable—that Gary had killed Chandra, or at least ordered her death. But once he got out there before the cameras, it all went horribly wrong. "I felt like I'd been put in front of the firing squad," Gary says.

In Gary's mind, the Chang interview helped down to this: "It

GANT  
U.S.A. 1999

was one thing for people to ask me questions about the incident. But they have to respect the attorneys. You said I may not agree, but you need to respect my answer." About the time she asked Gary the second question—"Did you have anything to do with her disappearance?"—Gary and to himself, I can't say where this interview is going. It's getting a step in the new right direction there, he would tell me later. "Comme Ça Change because President Putin is here. She wasn't gonna' anything out of me the wasn't gonna' break me, no way," he told himself. I gave him a look and he gave me one, but that's it.

"It's me, but I screw her, you know?" Gary says. "It's be honest, if people look closely at that mirror, if anybody bothers in history to watch the tape, they'll see where she went into a daze—the just lost it. I mean, if I knew I wasn't going to say anything, she just went blank on me or I saw the hole. She had no place to go but this yellow legal pad. She just kept looking down at her pad. And she did the one question like ten times, maybe twenty times. I figure she was not paying on it well. I seem very close to saying, 'Hey, Connie, do you get any other questions besides the ones on that yellow pad?'"

And now, one night before the Democratic primary in an almost orchard outside Madison, accented once again by the snails—Lord, how awful that they had become—I had no time to do a deep and quiet night prayer. He was ranting for his best in Congress because there was no reason for him not to run, absolutely no reason at all. Do you think Gary Gander is a quitter? He's not a quitter. He would never quit. He'd never quit. He'd never quit. So when of his prodigy, practically no adopted son, was running against him? So what if the members of his own party had reaffirmed his beloved 16th, removing much of Gander's caution, adding the inner city of the nation to what (he had said) the white people were the sole of the nation. So what if the 1980s were the golden years? So what if many people in America thought he killed Chandra Lewis? There's no one reason to quit.

393d been a lifetime congressman. He had a reputation as a public servant. He had learned his trade, he knew what he was doing. He hadn't gone to Washington to serve the leadership or the president or the boys in the back room. He'd gone to serve the people in his district—so let them decide. If the voters were going to say that didn't matter, what Gandy could represent them, fine, he would go quietly. But he wasn't going to bow out of the race because all what the press said, he caused what they couldn't say. As he told CBS's *Congress*: He did not tell Charles Lacy. The press had called a man's personal case a personal case, not a national issue. The way it was covered, it was a bunch of lies, and it was terrible and hearing, not developed by the press, and if they kept repeating on television, again and again.

Gary stepped forward, alone, into the blinding lights. The crowd of reporters formed a tense and expectant semicircle around him. He spoke into the garden of microphones awaiting before him like so many colorful talismans. The inventor has no points to make—his thirty years of public service, his record of effectiveness, his loyalty to his constituents. And then, Chaff opened the floor to questions.

Everyone shouted it once. The loudest guy had a British accent. "What do you believe happened to Charles Levis?"

<sup>1</sup> 'Where are you from?' snapped Gary. His hands were clasped aggressively at his waist.

\*The BBC, still the most

"where do you live?"

"Los Angeles"

"I don't have any idea," I

"Congratulations Gary! Mr. Good!"

"Yes," Gerv said, pointing

\*If the odds are right and you lose tomorrow—

"Where's pop's car now, pop?" Gary interrupted.

 $-\frac{1}{2} \ln 2$ 

\*Niles Harvey has edited

"Oh, God!" Gary groaned and rolled his eyes heavenward, half sitting, half propping around, the Gary that few people ever see. It was a spontaneous reaction, a real human reaction. It flicked in a good laugh from the assembled posse, and with that, something turned; you could feel it in the crowd. The edge came off, everyone seemed to relax a little bit. The posse was getting it! Footage Gary was surviving another after-school, even doing well, connecting, trying to lose something new, a new look here in the last game; a technique he'd learned at rehab spontaneously—a game called *Quarrels* the night before. He'd been a little more awake than he'd turned to his eyes. For once, facing the media, he seemed to be shared in the count. "Ask your questions," Gary said automatically to the men from *Inside Edition*.

"If the polls are right and you do lose tomorrow, is there one thing you will blame for your loss, or one person?"

"I'm not blaming anyone, no," said Gary. "You're not gonna hurt me with and blame. That is not Gary Cozatti. That's not a blame game. I'm out here doing what I'm supposed to do. I'm out here fighting till the end to win the election. I've tried to be a gentleman. I've tried to be dignified. I've tried to focus on what's important—and you guys have had to decide how to respond. If you think your response has been dignified, like gentlemen and ladies, so I'll decide that for yourself. Time will tell if you were right." <sup>10</sup>

It continued in this vein for fifteen minutes or so, pertinent questions from the audience followed issues oriented ones from the locals, the normal give-and-take of a political campaign. Then Chad stepped forward. "One more question," he said. He pointed to a woman in the crowd.

<sup>14</sup>What do you want to tell the people of this district, given your affair with Claudia Levy?

Gary's blue eyes narrowed. His poorly suited, disheveled, grimaced, a look of morose distress. Whenever he went every single name, every interview he gave, impersonating, protruding, it was always the same. He never knew exactly what form it would take or where it would come, but it always did. As if every single one of them—from the *London Sunday Observer* to *NPR* to *Radio Edition* to *Good Morning America*—entertained the fantasy that he or she was some how going to be the someone one, the one who managed where all the best had failed, the one reporter in the mass world who was going to track Gary Condit's fate confidently that he'd done it, with Charles Lane.

The deer-in-the-headlights glare returned. He raised his right hand and pointed with his index finger—the knuckle



For the child and teenager:

- Effect of low triglyceride levels on cardiovascular disease risk remains unclear.
- Low triglyceride levels are associated with increased cardiovascular disease risk and all-cause mortality.
- Interventions to lower triglyceride levels may reduce cardiovascular mortality.

up, the thumb tucked, the finger row and better, quaking with rage—initial on making one thing perfectly clear: "I am not going to acknowledge that," he said through clenched teeth. "You're diffing history, racism, and *assaults*."

And that was it. The second half story ran on the news.

**GARY'S HOUSE ON ACCORN LANE** has large oaks and hickories, a shake-shingle roof, a chimney in the front yard and even with delicate pink blossoms. At the rear property line, a row of cypress trees rises about feet, dwarfing the cookie-cutter house, giving it the appearance of a dollhouse. The cypresses are Gary's favorite tree: known to head but not break in high winds. Many had been in the times that he'd brought a troubled person outside and poured up at the towering row of evergreens "like statues like them trees," he'd say.

It was two o'clock in the evening, the first Tuesday in March, Election Day. The polls had been closed for two hours. Outside the house, the media buzzed and swarmed in the odd, stillness without light cast by the Kings. News vehicles lined the block on both sides, engines running. The smell of exhaust leaked in the air with the smells of woodsmoke and tree pollen and volcanism again, the Central Valley being the largest milk-producing district in the world.

Last summer after Chandra disappeared, Modiano was laced with press. With Congress in recess, the media stalked out Garry, either in Modiano and his house in Ceres, seven miles north, grown now to a thriving cove of thirty-five thousand. At one point, Chad was accused of attempting to run over a newsmen with a white Ford pickup. At another, Cadet was sitting by the pool with a girlfriend when two cameramen came over the back fence. In both cases, police were summoned. According to the Modiano fix, news organizations spent more than \$1 million in chills before million-aire analysis after September 11.

But they were back again, not, in force, the smell of political death was in the air, too. They walked short, swapping tall tales and restaurant reviews, drinking Starbucks, talking on their cell phones, monitoring the newsworld feeds, littering the street with wrappers from the fast-food joints that lined nearby Hatch Road, the nearest exit onto Highway 99, the main artery through the valley.

Inside Gary's house, about 50 friends and family, the inner circle, had gathered to await the results. A grim sort of mass-

results of the campaign, they'd started gathering momentum. Maybe Gary could pull this out. That's what Carolyn and Cade believed; they were the ones who'd assumed Gary ran in the first place. At a family meeting held in the living room on the afternoon of the filing deadline, last December 2, Chad had voted no. He'd been out there collecting signatures for Gary. They'd come up short. For the first time in thirty years, they'd had to say the word for to run.

that Gary had decided to run anyway. First, because he had no reason not to run. And second, because if he didn't, Chad would. He had his own papers ready to file, a try for the General Assembly, some political name de 'It's better I get obliterated than my son get obliterated.' Gary said a twisted friend. The friend had just finished telling him, "Your problem isn't really it is not that people think you killed Chambers Lee, it's that people think you're a fascist jerk."

Along with the 2001 Dodge Durango, Gary's house has many valuable items, estimated at slightly more than \$200,000. The Candins have lived there for twenty-two years, it's the only house they've ever owned. The front door leads onto an entryway. To the left is a small eat-in kitchen and the living room, with sliding glass doors that opens onto a small swimming pool. The lot of cypress trees beyond. To the right, down the hall, are the bedrooms. A few years back in the midst of empty rooms, the Candins upgraded their master suite and reconfigured the third bedroom, creating two small rooms. Today, Gary and Gary's a reading nook for the boys. These days, with the consolidated room, the boys' private space was shrunken considerably. The girls have their own space, too. The girls' Gals' every night. The name of the property is Gary's. Gary's based all of her fine things—the crystal pieces, the master suite, the bedrooms collected carefully over the years—into the place the house had of a furnished room.

Here tonight, as always, were Gary's folks, the Reverend Adrian and Velma Jean Condit, known to all as Bud and Ma. Midlife Gary's little sister, Betsy—a attractive, English-groomed mother—used to work for Dennis Cardozo, Gary's chief rival in the congressional race. Betsy (as the Valley agreed that Cardozo owed his career to Gary Cardozo's election party—complete with a band and a full bar—was being held tonight in Woodson, in the main ballroom of the conference center at the Double Tree. Flush with Washington know-how on news, the



What I've Learned

# Elvis Presley

I wouldn't call golf a hobby. It's a game.

Any audience, at a radio gig, for a few minutes.

I don't like to be called the Pelvis. It's one of the mean childhood nicknames I've ever heard coming from an adult. But if they wanna call me that, there's nothing I can do about it, so I just have to accept it. Just like you gotta accept the good with the bad, the bad with the good.

When I started singing, I weighed 150 pounds. I weigh 184 now. I haven't gotten any taller, but I'm putting on a little more weight. I like pork chops and meaty food, creamed potatoes, stuff like that. Steak is okay. It comes from hams, bacon, stuff like that. It's the grease that you fry it in. It's a lot of Jell-O. Great Jell-O.

I never have any delusions.

In public, I like eat conservative choices, something that's not too flashy. But onstage, I like to be flashy so you can get 'em. My mother goes to town, now, and she buys anything she wants, which makes me feel a lot of good.

All my life, I've always had a nice time. We never had any money—no matter how much we made. But we never went hungry, you know. That's something to be thankful for.

The only exercise I get is on the stage. I'd didn't get that. I'd get a little round around the middle, as much as I eat.

The only kind of trouble I've ever been in is when I was making eggs when I was little. I think I know from wrong. I would like to learn how to act in the movies.

The thing I like about success is to know that you've got so many friends. A lot of real close friends that I've made since I've been in the business.

I don't think I've ever good to work in your hometown.

I went into San Francisco and there was a guy in there took down my name, told me he might call me sometime. So he called me about a year and a half later, and I went in and made my first record, "That's All Right, Mom."

Some people snap their feet, some people snap their fingers, and some people just snap back and forth. I just started doing my own thing, I guess.

I watch my audience, and I watch him, and I know that he's not all getting connected out of our system. None of us knows what it is. The important thing is we're getting rid of it and nobody's getting hurt.

The first one I bought was the most beautiful one I've ever seen. It was secondhand, but I parked it outside of my hotel the day I got it. I got up all night just looking at it.

I haven't met the police, but I will, and I hope I won't be too long, 'cause I got lost some sometimes.

Critics have a job to do and they do it.

You have to put on a show for people in order to do on screen. If you stand on there and sing and didn't move a muscle, then people would say, "My goodness. I can stay home and listen to his records. You have nothing there, a show."

Elvis is not a man anybody down who wants to be a prophet.

The Colonel has a lot of friends in the entertainment business.

My mother never really wanted anything fancy. She just stayed the same all the way through the whole thing. I wish...there's a lot of things happened when she passed away that would've made her very happy and very proud. But that's life.

It takes time to accomplish certain things. You can't overstate your bounds.

I'm not knocking people who like golf and tennis, but I like rugged sports—boxing, football, karate, things like that.

I have a great ambition to play football. The thing I keep up with, most is professional football. I know all the players. I

know all their numbers.

I don't need any of the books that other people read. I read a lot of philosophy and some poetry. That type of stuff interests me.

When I'm pushed to a certain point, I have a very bad temper.

It comes with time and after a long few years behind you.

We get a little older. You learn a little more, you see things a little differently. You see people a little differently.

I've had a pretty good lesson because now we're more important to me to surround myself with people who can give you a lot of happiness, because you only pass through this life once. Luck. You don't come back the same way.

As fashion  
invades  
all aspects of  
our existence,  
designers,  
once  
responsible only for  
clothing our  
persons, are ready  
to dress  
our lives

Photographs by  
Greg Deives

As fashion  
invades  
all aspects of  
our existence,  
designers,  
once  
responsible only for  
clothing our  
persons, are ready  
to dress  
our lives.  
Photographs by  
Greg Delves

[illegible]

**Notable:** These in the fashion industry have become lifestyle producers. At the same time, taking place in SoHo, New York, architecture firm Kaufman and Fabian (Kaufman Fabian) merge to create a multifaceted setting in which we observe or participate in a more integrated life. In this case, a dream of work.



**Classy** An award-winning interior designer and a sidekick of elegance as elegantly as America. When it's time to go, you can throw your back in the game. (1) (2) (3) (4) (5)



**Decadent** In order to grow, a fashion brand has to become more than a logo. It has to symbolize a complete way of living. (1) (2) (3) (4) (5)







*The families were assembled, the psychic was ready,  
and love was in the air. The art of holy matrimony,  
according to my brother, Paul.*

# Rooster at the Hitchin' Post

*By David Fedari*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL GRIFFIN ANDRON OF WILKIE, NORTH CAROLINA  
ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL WHITE



The night the Rooster was born, my father slipped into my bedroom to personally deliver the news. I was eleven years old and barely awake, yet still I recognized this as a supreme masculine moment: the patriarch informing his firstborn son that another player was joining the team. Looking around my room, at the vase of cattails arranged just so beside the potpourri bowl, he should have realized it was not his team I was playing for. Not even a girl would have decoupage'd her own electrical sockets, but, finding it too painful to consider, my father played on, going so far as to offer me a plastic-wrapped cigar, the band reading, IT'S A BOY. He'd gotten one for each of us. Mine was made of chewing gum, and his was the real thing. "I hope you're not going to smoke that in here," I said. "Normally I wouldn't mind, but I just Scotch-garded the drapes."

FOR THE FIRST SIX MONTHS, my brother, Paul, was just a blob, then a doll, my sisters and I could dance and groom to us, we ate Dr. Oetzel, and apparently it was our turn to forget the pesky little idea of a man in a suit between his legs. Given some imagination and a few well-chosen accessories, he was Pauline, the pretty French girl, Paula, the delicate-wigged baroness fresh from her first voyage to France, the teenage harem chick, or a hapless orphan. He went along with it, but by the age of eighteen months he'd effectively dispelled the theory that a person can be made gay. Despite our best efforts, the cigar band had been right: Our brother was a boy. He inherited my sports equipment still in its original wrapping, and took to the streets with aerial friends, playing whatever was in season. If he was gone, good. If he lost, bad.

"But aren't you going to sleep?" we'd ask. "Not even a little?" We tried explaining the benefits of a nice long nap—the benefits it offered: the joy it generated—and he bawled in our faces. The rest of us blubbered like baby sheep/birds, but his water production was limited to sweat and urine. His sheets caught fire, but, the pillow would sprout forever dry.

Regardless of the situation, for Paul it was always all about the joke. A warm embrace, a heartfelt declaration of concern. In moments of weakness, we'd fill for those steps, waving him never to return here again. The last time I allowed



my brother to hug me I flew from Raleigh to New York, oblivious to the age he'd slipped on the back of my sport coat, a name-tag stating reading, JUNIOR, 1820. This following the *Salvage of our Mother's Future*.

WHEN MY SISTERS AND I eventually left home it seemed like a natural progression—young adults shifting from one environment to another. While our departure had been welcome, neither painful nor joyful, Paul's was like releasing a domestic animal into the wild. He knew how to play a musical but displayed a noticeable lack of patience when a note came for the actual cooking. Friction dreams were often extra exactly as said, the salubrious advice amounting to a ridiculous note. Perhaps I placed one right past to be too losing a fiery pack of friends, but his wings against the back door, he'd forgotten to defrost them and was now attempting to stamp the solid mass into three or four particles, which had for him into his mother's arms.

I heard the regular sound of boot against cryo-cold meat and learned to my brother's pained breath "God-forsaken—fucking chicken wings."

I called again the following evening and was told that after all that work, the chicken had been spoiled. It tasted like fish, so he drew a soup and called it a night. A few hours later, her leg decided that spoiled chicken was better than no chicken at

all, he got out of bed, stepped outside in his underpants, and proceeded to eat the chicken directly from the garbage can.

I was mortified. "You poor wadpouter!"

"Demand tonight," he said. "Rooster isn't getting dressed up to eat no fish-wad-wad-tasting chicken."

I worried about my brother standing in his bath and eating spoiled poultry by moonlight. I worried when told he'd passed out in a puddle and woken to find a stranger's stink-soaked vest in his pants on his ass, but I never worried he'd be able to make a living. He'd been working for himself since high school and at the age of twenty-two founded Solers Hardware Floors, a successful floor-sanding company. The work is demanding, but more satisfying than the ninety-by-thirty-six, the filling and boring, and the endless discussions with underhanded clients. While asked how he manages to keep all those people happy, he credited the importance of compromise, explaining, "Sometimes you go to put that dick in your mouth and talk it around a little. Aren't you used to swallow nothing, you just got to play on it for a while. You know what I'm saying?"

"Well, yeah."

As an age when the rest of us were barely beginning to pay our own rent, he had bought a house. Four bedrooms and the place was his, so were the trucks and sport-utility vehicles that spilled from the driveway and onto the lawn he paid

*February 2002* *Mr. Campbell* *Washed Up* *1999*  
 (caption) *Edgar Allan Poe's story "The Tell-Tale Heart" was the inspiration for the film "The Tell-Tale Heart" which was made in 1999. The film was directed by "The Tell-Tale Heart" and was made in 1999.*

to have owned. All this from a business philosophy based on the art of a blow job.

PAUL REFERRED TO HIS HOUSE as "the home of a confused clown," but to the naked eye, the clown seemed an entirely sane of himself. There was the living room of history-spread faces positioned on the mantel, the miniature model placed into the living room floor, the bright-green wall and muted leather chairs. "No one here," said my father, stepping over a concrete sliver. It was an unlikely big place for just one clown, so we were relieved when a girlfriend moved in, accompanied by an elderly pig named Venus.

My brother was overjoyed. "You want to talk to her? Hold on while I put her on the phone."

I prepared myself for the voice of a North Carolina girlfriend, something like Paula, but lower and louder instead what sounded like a handsome methodically working as way through a true truck. It was Venus. Months later, he put me on the phone with their new dog, a two-week-old Great Dane named Thelma. Unlike the mother cow, the father cow and the adopted piglet that named him a good dog and a happy dog named him. They'd been living together for more than a year when I finally met the girlfriend, a bearded handsome named Kathy. Kathy was the actress and the actress patch and the resembled one of those tranquil French Madonnas, the ubiquitous Christ child replaced by looking up the girl, her hands, her far-named features—we loved her immediately. But of all, she was from the North, meaning she should be and Paul ever been a child, it need a fifty-fifty chance of speaking understandable English.

They announced their engagement and planned a mad May wedding affair made to disappoint the Greeks. It would not take place at the Holy Trinity Church but at a hotel on the coast of North Carolina. The service would be performed by a priest at the hotel named as the place in book, and the music provided by a DJ named J.D. who worked weekdays at the local state psychiatric.

I FLEW IN FROM PARIS two days before the wedding and was abuzzing my father's kitchen when Paul came to the door dressed in a suit and tie. A former high school chairman had committed suicide, and he'd dropped by the house on his way home from the funeral. Since I'd last seen him my mother's brother had grown a good story number. Everything seemed proportionally larger but the light seemed to have settled about his face and torso leaving him with what he referred to as the "the Jesus." "My stomach sticks out further than my dick do."

The added weight had softened certain features and softened down his cheeks. His neck, for instance, observed now by a second class, he looked appeared to balance directly up on his abdomen, and he worked deliberately, as if he kept it from falling off. I told myself that if I looked at my brother differently, it was because of the risk, not the weight. He was a grown man now. He was going to get married, and therefore he was a changed person.

He took a sip of his father's weak coffee and spit it back into the mug. "This old life making love is a curse."

"Excuse me?"





Jamie Ireland is a freelance editor and writer in the areas of fitness, sex, romance, and travel.

# hot spot the inside story on healthy sex

by Jamie Ireland

## Learning "The Ropes"...

**T**he month I got a letter from a reader in Texas about a "little secret" that has made her love life with her husband absolutely explosive (Those Texans know their stuff! let me tell you.)

She writes:

Dear Jamie,  
Last month my husband returned from a business trip in Europe. He was better and hummer than I ever before, with more passion and sexual energy than he'd had for years. I was incredulous. He first wrote me this: "And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking: men don't have multiple. That's what I thought, too. But his newfound vigor and excitement shookled me, too, and before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of my lives."

We'd used tantra stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created



such a dramatic change in our lovemaking, and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip, my husband spent an evening doing out with a Swedish. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked her secret. The outsource told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his jacket and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the outsource said my husband would "teach him the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the national

is about to run out, and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "The Ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,

Tina C.  
P.O. World, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about the ropes, and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Moxplex Plus Extract. It's a supplement specifically formulated to trigger better organic experiences in men. The

best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Moxplex Plus Extract can help stimulate his own orgasm, bringing a whole new meaning to the term *audience-pleaser*.

The term used by the Swedish national is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened organic release are often referred to as *ripen* because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "It just keeps coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Global Neurotic, Inc. If you're interested, you can contact them at 1-888-MOXPLEX or Moxplex.com. Moxplex is all-natural and safe to take. Most people I've spoken with have said taking just these tablets daily has led to the *ripen* effect. The described in her letter. Aren't you glad you asked?

*Jamie Ireland*  
Jamie Ireland



## Women Are Always Interested In A Well Educated Man. (Especially When It Comes To Sex.)



### ALL NEW! Advanced Sexual Techniques

**Video Series Announced!** It's more than just a video series—it's a page. More than a brief approach to sex, *Advanced Sexual Techniques* Video Series is a series of instructional videos that will help you and your partner perfect your own lovemaking. Every act and variation is demonstrated by real couples in explicit detail.

### Be the Best Lover She's Ever Had! Guaranteed. Here's how:

**Volume 1: Sexual Positions for Women** shows positions that SEZ it's the most satisfying variations of some positions you've already seen. **Volume 2: G-Spot and Multiple Orgasm** shows you how to access the G-Spot. On one and again... **guaranteed!** **Volume 3:** And if you wonder, Can I really do THAT? **10 Keys to Guide Sex** introduces advanced sex with 10 work steps across for various sexual pleasure.

### 2 FREE VIDEOS!

**Advanced Oral Sex Techniques Part 2**, our new 30-minute video, is guaranteed to increase your lovemaking pleasure. **Great Sex 7 Days A Week** shows you, even more creative ways to gain intense sexual excitement. Get both videos **FREE** when you order today!

All orders shipped within 48 hours in plain packaging.

**Better Sex**  
ADVANCED TECHNIQUES  
video series

100% Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Shipping: The Better Sex Video Series is shipped in plain packaging to protect your privacy.

Order your video series at [www.bettersex.com](http://www.bettersex.com)

For fastest service with credit cards or for a FREE catalog, call 1.800.955.0688 ext. BSST 24 hours/7days a week

Shipped in The Secure Training Institute, 11111 10th St., Suite 100, San Diego, CA 92121

Price: Shipping: Total: \$19.95

Product	Price	Quantity	Total
Advanced Sexual Techniques Video Series (3 Volumes)	\$19.95	1	\$19.95
Advanced Sexual Techniques Video Series (3 Volumes)	\$19.95	1	\$19.95
Advanced Sexual Techniques Video Series (3 Volumes)	\$19.95	1	\$19.95
Advanced Sexual Techniques Video Series (3 Volumes)	\$19.95	1	\$19.95
Advanced Sexual Techniques Video Series (3 Volumes)	\$19.95	1	\$19.95
Advanced Sexual Techniques Video Series (3 Volumes)	\$19.95	1	\$19.95
Advanced Sexual Techniques Video Series (3 Volumes)	\$19.95	1	\$19.95
Advanced Sexual Techniques Video Series (3 Volumes)	\$19.95	1	\$19.95
Advanced Sexual Techniques Video Series (3 Volumes)	\$19.95	1	\$19.95
Advanced Sexual Techniques Video Series (3 Volumes)	\$19.95	1	\$19.95

Shipping: \$19.95 Total: \$19.95

Shipping: \$19.95 Total: \$19.95

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Signature \_\_\_\_\_

©1995 The Better Sex Video Series, Inc.

We reserve the right to change prices without notice. Shipping: \$19.95 Total: \$19.95













Gary Condit

guy like a doctor, someone who is appreciated for a more self-willing drive the trust in spite of going a tremendous step in the seven-foot hoop, especially when the game is on the line. In my time with him—a month at the tippy-top-mouthpiece all on this story—he proved an impressive command of the issues, an almost ministerial attentiveness to the people of his district. No matter what his opinion of a topic, a resident of Camden is gifted in his chosen profession, past, present, or future, with all the people of

But I should write the *W-canon*. On the one hand, Church plays the theme of a dedicated family man; he is dedicated to his wife. On the other hand, the preponderance of evidence suggests he is a serial adulterer. Is a someone good from his own desire, or does matter? Is any of our business if I should it make him?

For his part, the wife's disloyalty could be explained away. Like the plot of a TV drama, maybe this was a man so thick he had been persuaded, trying to cover up his affair to a wife of being caught by his wife—starts telling his lies to her and making his marriage more by his name, everybody knows it is because he is guilty of murder.

Having spent time with Condit, I have no doubt it seems reasonable that he could have killed someone. But even there, is the line drawn so clearly that we can be sure we are not

only that it was a hit-and-kill—through a car crash, with the driver's name of public record in the roughneck courts? Why, he was known as a few shady characters who could do the job. According to *Life*, a *San Francisco Chronicle* man who grew the fullest public account of the alleged affair to die, she was becoming increasingly impatient with her role as a mistress. Then we were a few months down the road, and David Love had gained a little harder. A former fire-year-old son has a few grown-into-come, especially to an older man who's been married for nearly thirty-five years in his last round.

But with one Cold War and its aftermath have been so destabilized? Could the man who lost a leg against Osama bin Laden really maintain the perfect crime?

Still, all 11 managers responded as West  
region last year: only three were of what  
wasn't. So who Charles, and how...

He answered without hesitation: "It is obviously untrue. I mean, that a physician was told that the oil there is a fundamental problem here. It really, not have matter."

across very well but for the last part I have been fighting like a principle. A lot of people on Internet have stood on principle and sometimes the answer was not there, so

women used they were against the grain. The changes, particularly the bold ones, had to be made in a way that was not too obvious, so as not to offend the conservative elements of the community.

To be honest with you, it's a great shame, independent on my part, that if you track my career, I'm not ahead of the curve. But for the people and other people in public life, now or in later life, I have to get where I'm at now. If this, don't, you follow me, please, let this be a sign of a person's integrity, you'll be satisfied by the freedom of movement and me. Any person, any, family, any individual, any moment who gets themselves into a situation that there can't explain, or that they

don't have anywhere until the press pack comes on it—they could end up having that NB destroyed. Freedom of the press is new thing, but I have rights too. All I could do is destroy it all and run. The net security

I don't think that anyone outside of my district, outside of my people, my family could

knows what Gary Casteo is. And I don't know that I can ever get Casteo a thank-you as well. I really am. I've been pursuing the press the way they wanted to put me out. I don't think anything anybody could ever do can redeem me more. The damage has been done. I can't get anything back. And I can't give anybody another chance that there's

me. That was Gary Conder. I know who I am. I know what I'm about. I know what happened and what didn't happen.

### Credits

[illegible]

**The Sports Guide** p. 62 is your magazine's essential source for the top sports '96 and the latest sports-related news, stories and information. Visit [www.sports-illustrated.com/sports\\_guide](http://www.sports-illustrated.com/sports_guide) each week, visit the site and research, and call 1-877-SPORTS-ILLUSTRATED for more information. Call 1-800-244-4444 for more information, and visit [www.sports-illustrated.com](http://www.sports-illustrated.com) for more information.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

## The Men's Shoppe

**"Twist and Shout"**  
P.O. Box 10000, Fort Worth, TX 76160

**Pontastic Performance**



**\$39.95**  
each

**Wristwatch Used by the Pros!**  
Of the world's

[www.arnoldheadquarters.com](http://www.arnoldheadquarters.com)

**Great Gift for Golfers, Hockey  
Baseball and Tennis Players!**



**THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED**



A selection of the finest offerings in the world of adventure. Premiering in our November issue.

To subscribe, call (800) 237-8855  
or visit [wpsnls.com](http://wpsnls.com)  
FAX: (727) 348-9580

Reach 3,000,000 sophisticated, responsive readers when you advertise in

## The Men's Shoppe

Target affluent, educated and successful consumers who share a high interest in fashion, health, education, travel, and business

Contact us for assistance in planning your marketing schedule.

(800) 237-9851 • FAX: (727) 445-9380 • E-Mail: [esquires@ria-ads.com](mailto:esquires@ria-ads.com)

**Esquire** (fictionette, fiction) is published monthly by Herald Consumer Editions, Inc., 470 English Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

[illegible]

**Photos & Illustrations Credit:** Photos by John Paulsen. Left: *Staphy. CHAMBERLAIN* p. 68. Top: *Staph. 21a*. *Agabus* in *Hollogus*. *Met* p. 69. *Staph. p. 68*. *Staph. p. 68*. *Staph. p. 68*.





Salvatore Ferragamo